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New Statesman

Can he pull it off?

EXCLUSIVE

Foot confesses

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New Statesman

10 Great Turnstile
London WC1V 7HJ
Tel: 01-405 8471 Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London WC1
©1982 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Subscriptions: Lesley Bridgmount, Cecilia Papadopoulos
Circulation: Liz Cooper, Tim Freeman
Display advertisements: Michael Roberts 01-405 8471
Classified advertisements: Laura Berryman, Stephen Mitchell 01-405 4911/01-242 5484

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £26, Overseas £29
Air mail:
Europe £34, Middle East £36, Africa, India, South America £40, Australasia, Far East £45, USA $79, Canada $92

Cover drawing: John Minnion

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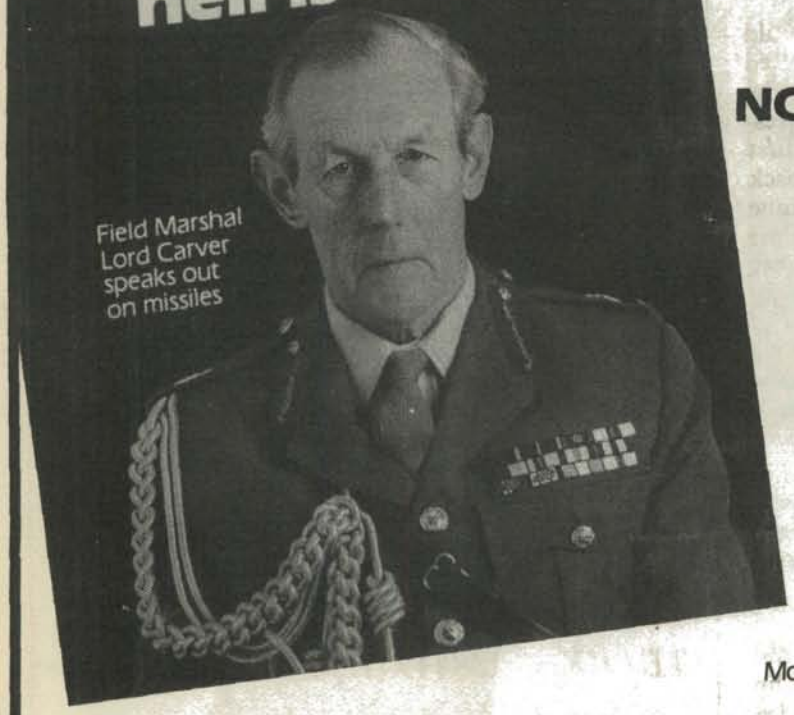
Trident—'What the bloody hell is it for?'



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New Statesman Vol 104 No 2697 26 November 1982

$26 billion madness

THIS WEEK the arms race entered a new and very dangerous phase. The major new element of instability was injected not by the Soviet Union, but by President Reagan. The decision to announce that his administration intends to go ahead with the MX intercontinental ballistic missile system is not the act of a responsible statesman.

It is, of course, wrong to present the decision as if it had been taken wholly, or even largely, by President Reagan himself. Because of his age and lack of political and administrative experience, Reagan is an unusually non-executive President. He is much more the spokesman for other forces within Washington's decision-making process. The dominant elements behind the MX decision were those that the retiring President Eisenhower accurately and surprisingly identified as the main domestic threat to the United States – the military-industrial complex.

There are three main contexts in which the MX decision should be tested. In each of them it fails to stand up as a rational policy decision. The first is the conspiracy between the Pentagon and the American aerospace industry to have the project for its own sake. Massive defence and space contracts have been the all-American, free enterprise way of passing government subsidies in a disguised form to American companies on a scale that would be a public and international scandal if it had been done overtly. The MX project has again and again been rejected on the grounds of cost. One critical Senator has aptly dubbed it an 'untested rat hole' – into which President Reagan is now proposing to pour $26 billion. If an American government is in a position where it has an extra $26 billion available to spend, there are a thousand projects to hand – at home and abroad – which would be more effective in increasing peace and prosperity.

The second context is the contribution that MX could conceivably make to the defence and security of the United States. This part of the examination can be conducted on the Pentagon's own ground. The argument is that Soviet aggression (in particular the possibility of a Soviet nuclear 'first strike') is only contained by an American capacity to hit back after a nuclear attack has been launched. But – to continue the argument in the lunatic world of conceptualised nuclear war – it is extremely unlikely that the MX missile complex in its present form would remain operational after a Soviet nuclear attack upon it.

Much informed opinion holds that the Soviet Union would have little technical difficulty in keeping MX out of action. The issue cannot be settled without having a nuclear war. But, since the United States already has enough 'second strike' capacity (particularly its submarine missile fleet) to wipe out all civilised life in the Soviet Union several times over, what conceivable, even *military* justification can there be for spending $26 billion on another missile system that probably would not work.

BUT THE OVERRIDING context must be détente and the search for an end to this mad and immoral arms race. The President's claim that the only way to negotiate with the Soviet Union over multilateral disarmament is from a position of strength shows his inability to grasp any international reality. (So, too, in passing does the way in which Mrs Thatcher latched on to Mr Andropov's statement this week about not making 'preliminary concessions' in order to get negotiated arms reduction as an argument for maintaining the British nuclear deterrent. The only international arms negotiation that matters in this context is between the United States and the Soviet Union.)

The plain fact is that any Soviet leadership views the world as a hostile environment in which the Soviet Union is encircled by powerful forces determined to undermine it. Soviet leaders have always had, in addition, a massive collective military and technological chip on their shoulders. Both sets of attitudes have a substantial justification in the Russian history of the past century.

There is, therefore, no possibility of fruitful negotiations with the Soviet Union if an American President insists that they are best conducted from a position of publicly declared American superiority. Nor is there in fact any possibility of fruitful negotiations if they are conducted, as at present, in terms of technical comparision of weapons systems and of the details of inspection and verification. The Soviet Union needs strategic arms limitation for economic reasons more than any other country. But it will only be achieved by a joint act of political imagination in Washington and Moscow. The MX decision is a tragic setback to any hopes for that process in the immediate future. □

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Bad news at Gay News

NEXT MONDAY staff and supporters of *Gay News* will be holding an open meeting at County Hall in London to discuss the state of the magazine. There should be no shortage of topics for discussion.

- Three members of the paper's staff have been made redundant.
- The paper's new owner, Robert Palmer, has sacked seven of the paper's nine directors from the board, including the editor, Andrew Lumsden.
- Staff at *Gay News* are questioning the secret deal under which the paper was sold earlier this year by its founder-editor, Denis Lemon.
- Finally, the whole history of the paper's ownership and financial management is being criticised.

When *Gay News* began publication in 1972, in the heady days after the formation of the Gay Liberation Front, it was run as a loose cooperative. Gay News Ltd was incorporated as a £100 company in April 1972, but only four of the 100 shares were issued. According to people who were involved at the time, the registering of the company and the creation of 'directors' were thought to be mere formalities.

In 1973 and 1974 *Gay News* operated at a loss. In order to solve its 'cash-flow problem' the company accepted loans of £3,150 from a London solicitor, Richard Creed, who was then allotted 49 of the company's 100 shares.

Staff at *Gay News* agreed that Denis Lemon, who by then was editing the paper, should be issued with 49 shares to balance Creed's holding. The staff's belief was that Lemon held these shares *ex officio*, and that he would return them if he ever ceased to edit *Gay News*.

By the mid-1970s *Gay News* was thus jointly owned by Richard Creed and Denis Lemon. In May 1975 Creed became the company secretary; the other directors were Jean-Claude Thevenin (art director of *Gay News*) and Michael Mason (the paper's news editor).

In 1976 and 1977 sales of *Gay News* were helped by the publicity gained as the paper fought its long court battle against Mary Whitehouse's prosecution for blasphemous libel. Denis Lemon became something of a celebrity. The paper even began to make money: there was a modest but encouraging trading profit of £8,821 in 1977.

As well as publishing a fortnightly newspaper, *Gay News* also ran a mail-order service selling books. Many readers ordering books or taking classified advertisements paid with uncrossed cheques and postal orders, or even with actual cash. By the end of 1978 several staff were baffled at the way in which some of this money seemed to be disappearing.

Michael Mason, the paper's news editor, sent in three uncrossed postal orders under assumed names to see what happened to them. He asked the Post Office to trace one of the postal orders; they told him that it had been paid into Richard Creed's bank account. When Mason questioned Creed about the money, Creed apparently told Mason that he had indeed removed some money, but that he felt this was a common business practice and that the payments were reimbursements for expenses incurred. Creed added (according to Mason) that he had shared the money with Denis Lemon, and that he felt they were entitled to it.

When the *New Statesman* asked Creed for a comment, he denied that he had removed money, adding: 'This sounds to me like sour grapes.'

According to people who were working on *Gay News* at the time, Denis Lemon admitted at a staff meeting that he had been given some of the money. He had thought that there was nothing wrong with it, but he now felt differently. He apologised to the staff.

The staff apparently accepted Lemon's apology, but said that they did not wish Richard Creed to continue to be involved with the paper. It was agreed that Lemon should buy out Creed's shares, and he was given a salary rise in order to help him pay for them. One source thinks that Creed was paid off with a lump sum of about £12,500 but Lemon refuses to confirm or deny this, saying that these are 'private matters'.

On the subject of Richard Creed's departure, Lemon told the *New Statesman:* 'There were private difficulties which were resolved in the removal of Richard Creed in the sense that I bought him out. That solved whatever problems were happening at that point.' When asked about the postal orders, Lemon said: 'I would think that that is so preposterous that I don't even want to comment on it.' Was it untrue then? 'I've said what I wanted to say.' But would he not say that it was untrue? 'No.'

As well as receiving a payment for his shares, Creed was taken on as a 'consultant' to *Gay News* at a fee of £5,000 a year for four years: the final payment is due to be made next spring. Yet Creed, who now practices in Malmesbury, Wiltshire with the firm of Ouvry, Creed, admitted to the *NS* that during that four-year period he had not actually done any 'consulting' for *Gay News*.

On gaining Creed's 49 shares in addition to the 49 he already held, Lemon became the outright owner of Gay News Ltd. Towards the end of 1981, however, he decided to quit.

It was a lucrative decision. In February 1982 Lemon sold *Gay News* to Robert Palmer, a former chairperson of the Campaign for Homosexual Equality, for a substantial sum. Neither Lemon nor Palmer will give a figure, but staff at *Gay News* believe that it was £120,000. Palmer purchased *Gay News* through Robert Palmer Marketing Ltd, a £100 company which was set up in 1978 but which did not trade at all until it bought *Gay News* this year. The firm's directors are Palmer, his brother (a vicar) and his sister-in-law.

The 39-page contract of sale has been kept secret. But it is believed that Lemon was given a £24,000 tax-free 'golden handshake' (paid by *Gay News*) plus another

Bob Workman

Denis Lemon, founder-editor of Gay News. He now sees 'no reason to read it'.

£26,000, which was raised as a loan from Barclays Bank. One of the securities on the loan was *Gay News*'s main asset, the freehold on its office in west London. Since Robert Palmer has now sold the building, the Barclays loan has had to be repaid from the proceeds.

In addition to the £24,000 golden handshake and £26,000 downpayment, it is thought that Lemon will receive three annual payments of £17,000 and two of £10,000.

When the *New Statesman* tried to confirm these figures with Denis Lemon, he said: 'I won't discuss the amounts or the deals because all deals I've ever made with anyone have always been in private . . . They're private deals between private people.'

Staff at *Gay News* see it differently. They are being pressed to make economies because of the paper's financial position, and they think the payments to Denis Lemon are highly relevant to that position. But Lemon denies that a workforce have any right to know the terms on which their company has been sold: 'I don't consider that's a matter of importance to people who happen to be working for a company. Companies change hands all the time.'

When Robert Palmer bought *Gay News* he seemed more willing to have staff involved in decision-making. He appointed seven staff directors to join him and financial manager Peter Coell on the board. By the middle of October the staff were worried by Palmer's insistence on cost-savings. They asked for details of the deal with Denis Lemon and for the appointment of independent financial consultants to examine *Gay News*'s finances.

Palmer's reaction was to sack the seven directors from the board, saying that 'it has become apparent over recent months that the original concept of a board of directors as a broadly-based representative decision-making body has not worked.' The board now consists of Robert Palmer and Peter Coell on their own.

Palmer's cost-saving plans included a proposal for seven redundancies out of the 23 staff. One reporter left anyway and was not replaced. The remaining six redundancies were whittled down to three after negotiations with the unions. Three staff duly took voluntary redundancy two weeks ago.

Staff and friends of *Gay News* feel that the paper's function – 'to provide a lifeline, often the only lifeline, to isolated gay people throughout the UK and beyond' – will continue to be undermined as long as the paper adheres to such a conventional, hierarchic structure. Lemon himself certainly seems to have behaved in an exemplary capitalist fashion.

This week's issue of *Gay News* includes several letters commenting on the crisis. One, from former staff reporter Harry Coen, argues that 'the time has come for control and ownership – and the responsibility that goes with it – to be restored to the people who produce the paper and to its readers.'

Coen adds that it is difficult to see how *Gay News* can survive while saddled with large financial commitments to its former owner. 'It seems to me that the future of *Gay News* is very much in the hands of Denis Lemon.'

Lemon's own view is far from modest. 'I created the thing and ran it, I hope, rather successfully for 10 years,' he says. But since he left, *Gay News* has become 'rather substandard', he feels. 'I see no reason to read it.'

Francis Wheen

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Students' HQ on strike

A STRIKE has broken out at the London headquarters of the National Union of Students over the threatened dismissal of two staff members. The confrontation is becoming increasingly bitter.

In October NUS management and the staff union ACTSS agreed that two reception staff would have new job descriptions for a three-month trial period. On 16 November, however, chief executive John Garner told the pair that if they refused to accept the new jobs permanently – which seemed likely – they would be sacked without compensation.

The staff in question, Nicola Fennel and Mary Gafney, have 17 years' experience at NUS between them. As two of the most popular workers in the building they received unanimous backing: other staff walked out in support.

John Garner, the NUS chief executive, is a surprising person to find at the head of a supposedly progressive organisation. An officer in the Territorial Army and former policeman, he used to be director of leisure for Bury Council. During his first month in that job he was in dispute with NALGO. He was also a frequent target of attack in the Bury alternative newspaper; his views on women and trade unionism were described as 'nineteenth century'.

Students on the NUS executive find themselves in a confusing position. As employers of the staff and as elected officers with a policy to implement they feel obliged to cross the picket line. The strike committee disagrees.

A meeting of ACAS took place on 22 November but results were minimal. Chris Nawrat, press officer for the strike committee, compares the negotiations with the batting of Chris Tavare – 'there for hours but nothing achieved'. The worry now is that even when the dispute is ended internal hostility will be so great that NUS will have difficulty doing its job.

When I asked for a comment from either NUS president Neil Stewart or the chief executive I was turned away with a scribbled note and asked to leave the building. A Mr Stuart Appleton was sent to the reception area and said: 'Look, I know people on the *New Statesman* so you'd better watch it, OK?' As one striker said: 'You've now seen at first hand why this strike came about and why we're still out.'

Michael Coren

Red Ted and his friends

TED KNIGHT'S successful tactics in packing last Saturday's meeting in Lambeth Town Hall of the Labour Committee on Palestine, largely with persons who are known members of the Trotskyist Workers Revolutionary Party, have already come under attack. But most of the really interesting points in Red Ted's record seem to have been missed. For example, why was the Labour Committee on Palestine set up at all in June, when there are potentially respectable broad-based Labour groups already concerned

with the Middle East, such as the Labour Middle East Council? And what were the credentials of its moving spirits – Andrew Hornung, a supporter of Socialist Organiser (which has had past links with the WRP) and Tony Greenstein, a keen supporter of the British Anti-Zionist Organisation (which has strong links with Iraqi Baathists)? What led both Ted Knight and Ken Livingstone to attend the committee's meetings? And where does the paper *Labour Herald* fit into all of this? It is edited by Knight, Livingstone and Matthew Warburton. It is printed at the WRP's press in Runcorn and it appears to have money to spend, including regular double-page colour printing that would normally be beyond the resources of a paper of the Left with a circulation of about 2,000. The editors have always firmly denied any financial link with the WRP and there is no evidence to the contrary. As for the WRP, it would be keen to stop any other new grouping on the Left becoming established on its Palestinian patch.

Patrick Wintour

Telling tales out of school

TEACHERS in Essex are compiling blacklists of children who have allegedly assaulted teaching staff, verbally or physically. The National Association of Schoolmasters/Union of Women Teachers (NAS/UWT) has been issuing confidential incident report forms to its members as part of a large-scale survey of violence in schools. First to be issued with these child-naming forms are 600 teachers in 60 schools in the Basildon and Brentwood areas of Essex.

The form requires the name, age and school of any child involved in an 'incident' with a teacher. But there is little space for a proper explanation of the incident, and the form fails to define degrees of violence except for the broad categories of 'verbal violence' and 'physical violence'.

The National Union of Teachers says that in its own surveys even teachers are not required to be named and it has never carried out surveys which involve listing the names of children.

The use of the form establishes an unofficial and crude record system on children without the knowledge or approval of the local education authority, headteachers, school governors or parents.

The NAS/UWT has been organising a series of such surveys around the country because it claims that statistics on school violence are being doctored by local education authorities.

Earlier this week, an NAS/UWT survey in Leeds documented 73 assaults on teachers during the 1981/2 academic year. But statistics for the Inner London Education Authority (ILEA) published last April show a steady decline in assaults on teachers by pupils, parents or other people such as trespassers on school premises. Since 1976, the figure has dropped from 69 to 35 in 1981. But Nigel de Gruchy, deputy general secretary of the NAS, now claims that internal ILEA figures list 151 assaults for 1981. In addition, he claims, only one in ten assaults are ever reported. That, he goes on, suggests a total number of assaults of 1,510 – over 7 each school day. ILEA says the discrepancy between the two sets of statistics can be explained by the omission of assaults recorded in special schools.

The NAS/UWT has always been the most energetic of the teaching unions in highlighting alleged violence in schools. It is now pressing for LEAs to provide more practical support for teachers both to avert violent incidents and to offer legal backing when they do occur. The union's current campaign is also linked to its attempt to ensure LEAs retain the sanction of corporal punishment in schools.

Rick Rogers

MISCELLANY

Horse sense

Union-busting boss Arthur Snipe, who used helicopters last year to smash picket lines at his strike-bound Laurence Scott plant in Manchester, has come a cropper. Snipe has invested heavily in horse-racing over the past 16 years, employing a trainer and sponsoring races at his local course in Doncaster. But his most spectacular investment came at last year's Doncaster sales, where he splashed out £261,000 on seven horses and said, 'They might call me the local fool by this time next year.' They might indeed: the seven horses have managed to win only two races between them, for a grand total of £2,672 in prize money. Disillusioned, Arthur sent the nags back to Doncaster sales last week. Four of them (which had jointly cost £90,300 a year ago) went for £32,865. His star horse Gamon, which cost him £109,200 last year (a Doncaster record), was led out of the ring unsold after bidding had stuck at £34,650. The expensive animal has failed to win a single race this year.

Trying time

Martin Webster of the National Front complains that he cannot possibly pay the costs which were awarded against him at the end of Peter Hain's successful libel action against Webster last week. Hain says that he may have to have Webster declared bankrupt; but before he does so, we would draw Hain's attention to the Martin Webster Defence Fund, which, when last heard of, stood at £2,856 and 99p (plus $25, 25 guilder and 50 Rand). Before the trial, Webster said that any money left over from the fund would be donated to the improbably-named Militant Patriots Legal Defence and Aid Fund. Hain should grab the money.

Webster is becoming a familiar figure in British courtrooms. Last month he was convicted of disorderly conduct and using threatening words at a Young Conservative meeting. Last week he was in court for the Hain case. Oh, and Brent Council is demanding payment of £1,200 costs awarded against Webster last December when the council won an injunction to stop him circumventing a ban on marches.

Much more radical

In between court appearances, Martin Webster has found time to send us a statement which proudly announces that 'since the departure in 1979/80 of reactionary elements from the leadership of the National Front the party has adopted a much more radical stance on economic, industrial and social affairs'. To prove his point, he has sent us the latest issue of *New Nation*, the National Front's 'ideological quarterly', which includes a long piece entitled 'The Jews in Art', written by 'our art correspondent'. After two pages of anti-Jewish bile, the author suggests that some people may think the article anti-semitic: 'They are dead right,' he adds helpfully.

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Heavy lorries get off lightly

FIRMS THAT persistently overload their lorries are getting away with trivial fines. The *New Statesman* has details of recent court cases where eight companies faced a total of 112 summons for overloading: the average fine was under £40. Ten drivers were prosecuted separately from the companies: their average fine was £32. In 1970 the Magistrates' Association recommended that fines should start at £200 per offence for operators and £100 for drivers.

This week the House of Commons debated whether to raise the maximum weight of heavy lorries from 32.5 tonnes to 38 tonnes. In order to persuade reluctant Tory backbenchers, the government pledged tougher enforcement of the rules on overloading. One measure is to increaase the maximum fine from £400 to £1,000. But, as the cases above show, raising the *maximum* penalty will have no effect.

These cases were given to the *New Statesman* by Devon's county trading standards officer, Ken Ellis. All the offences were committed by lorries leaving the docks at Exmouth or Teignmouth. Drivers were warned that they were overweight when they were on the docks' weighbridge, which is on private land, so the law does not apply. All the drivers ignored the warnings.

The drivers' attitude clearly demonstrates that overloading fines are seen as just another overhead. One firm was summonsed for over 100 offences, but Devon decided to proceed with only 34 specimen offences. The average fine, given by Exmouth magistrates, was £37.24.

Another firm's vehicle was so overloaded that it would have been over the government's new 38-tonne limit, since it weighed 40 tonnes. The firm was fined a total of £202 on seven charges (average £28.86). The most the firm could have been fined was £2,800.

These cases are not unduly exeptional. During the two months from 9 July to 10 September Devon caught 22 operators with overloaded lorries, making 106 offences in all. The average fine on these was £60.

Mick Hamer

Friends and others

Duncan Campbell concludes his anatomy of Britain's secret services, following the Prime case

Organisation charts for the British secret intelligence agencies shown below have never been made public before. They were obtained from a handbook issued by American intelligence agencies to their own staffs. Of British agencies, only the Defence Intelligence Staff (DIS) is publicly identified, with its structure of four directorates set out in the Civil Service Lists sold by HMSO. The others operate under a variety of covers.

MI5, the Security Service, refuses to be identified other than by its code – 'Box 500'. It is referred to in conversation as 'Box' or 'Five'. Employees of MI6, the Secret Intelligence Service, are collectively known as 'Six' in this country and 'the friends' while abroad.

'Five' has six directorates concerned with intelligence and security operations in the United Kingdom. Directorate F is concerned with 'domestic subversion' – largely a euphemism for the study of the British political left and the trade unions. After the 1972 miners' strike, a group of industrial managers with suitable political views and experience was recruited into this directorate.

Directorate K co-ordinates counter-espionage in Britain. It is divided into numbered sections. Thus K7 is responsible for counter-intelligence within the intelligence services themselves (including MI5), while K9 investigates people who unexpectedly resign or retire from sensitive positions. Both these sections face criticism for the Prime debacle. Within sections, individual desks co-ordinate spying on individual targets – for example Plaid Cymru, or the Labour left in London.

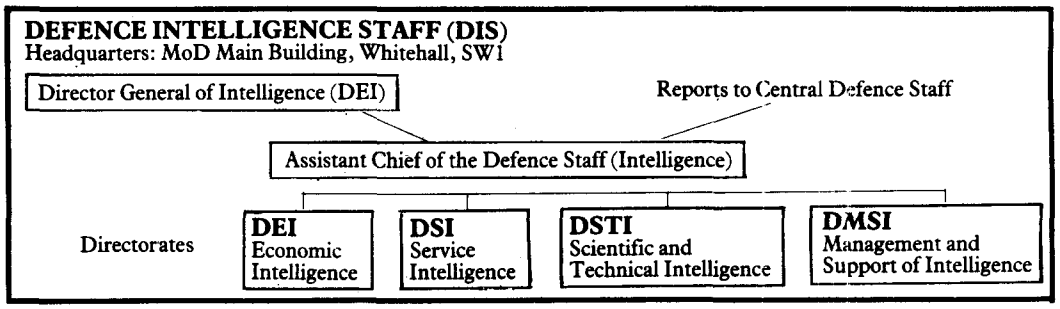
Directorate S ('Support') is reponsible *inter alia* for MI5's giant computer installation in Mayfair (see *NS* 5 March). This central computer has 'satellites', co-ordinating information with other agencies and government departments, including one in the MI6 HQ at Century House in Westminster Bridge Road near Waterloo station.

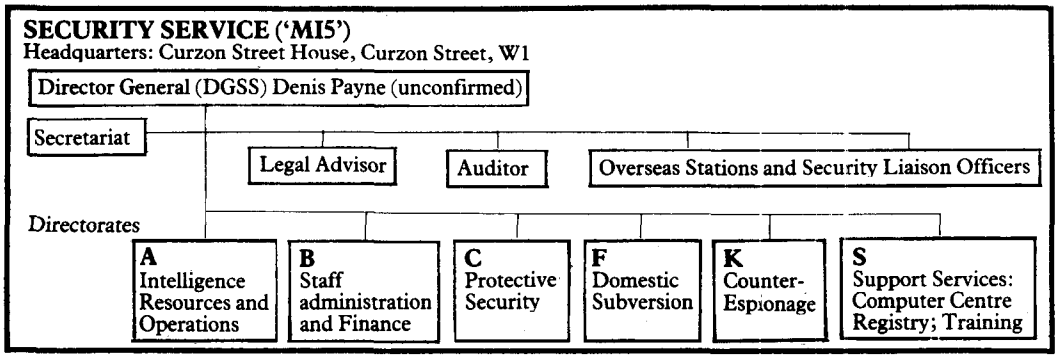
MI5 still has residual responsibility for security in British colonies. It has, for example, a Security Liaison Officer in Hong Kong. There are also SLOs in Washington, Ottawa and Canberra, linking with their counterparts there.

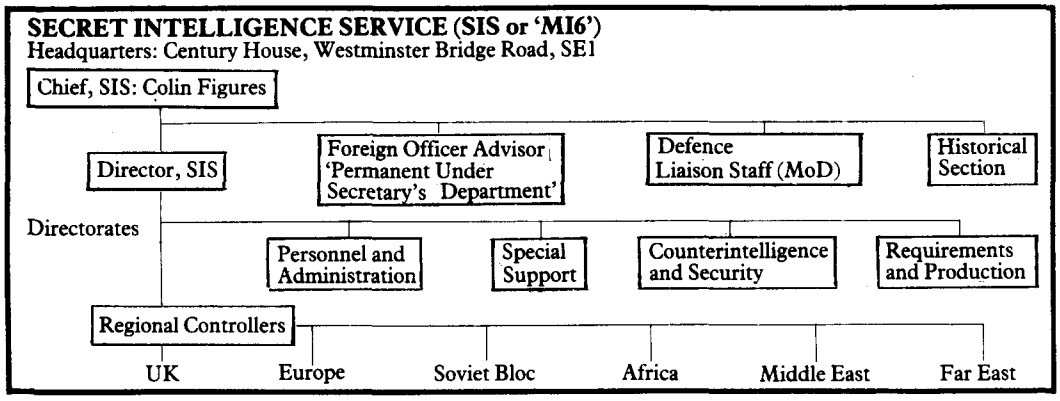
MI6 has both a 'Chief' and a director to deal with routine administration. SIS activities in South America appear to have no Regional Controller. This is probably a reflection of American dominance in this field in Latin America – where SIS's main activity is to accept what the 'cousins' (the CIA) offer by way of intelligence exchange. This may have affected the handling of intelligence about the Argentinian invasion of the Falklands.

SIS's Directorate of Special Support is responsible for providing the technical paraphernalia of modern spying. Counter-intelligence and Security includes in its function 'aggressive counter-intelligence' – like trying to infiltrate the KGB. Requirements and Production are MI6's 'salesmen', responsible for discovering the 'needs' of the customers – mainly the Foreign Office and the Ministry of Defence – and then providing them with the 'finished product'.

The Ministry of Defence, besides hiding much of the secret agencies' budgets, has three directorates responsible for Economic, Scientific and Technical and Military intelligence. A fourth directorate provides military support to other intelligence agencies – including several major 'eavesdropping' posts for GCHQ and the SIS training school at Gosport in Hampshire (which is disguised as an army training camp).







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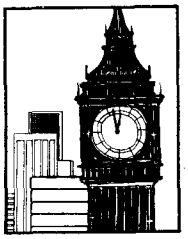

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Mr Shore comes clean-ish on pay and reflation

INTRODUCING Labour's *Programme for Recovery* on Tuesday, Peter Shore described this 70-page document as 'an exercise in open opposition'. Apart from one skeleton which he has kept locked in the cupboard (and which we shall dust down a little later in this column) he is right. Labour can now boast an alternative economic strategy that is intellectually more rigorous and sophisticated than anything the party has produced before in opposition.

Whether it is *politically* as rigorous and sophisticated is another matter. Here is Mr Shore's problem: by harnessing the computing power of the Treasury's model of the economy to Labour's intended policies, and some variants on them, he has confronted sceptics inside – and for that matter outside – the Labour movement with some uncomfortable choices. Implicit in Mr Shore's position is a challenge: if you don't like my policies, then go away, devise your own, and try showing that yours will work better than mine.

That is not, however, the way this great movement of ours always likes to behave. And not without reason. In the past, trade union leaders and left-wing MPs have been cheated and betrayed by successive Labour governments – excluded from economic decision-making except in crises, when their loyalty has been demanded. Today, when unions resist any measure that can be labelled 'incomes policy', they are very properly rebelling against the buffeting they have received in the past. It is easy, because it is correct, for Tony Benn and Ken Gill to say that in the past 'incomes policy' has often been little more than a euphemism for 'wage restraint' or, more emotively, for making the workers pay for the mistakes of the capitalists.

Dismantling this particular powder-keg of political sensitivities is arguably Labour's greatest single internal task between now and the next general election. For Labour's hopes of getting unemployment below one million, or even getting anywhere near that ambitious target, depend more than anything else on a deal with the unions that can be made to stick.

Michael Foot's recent speech in Cardiff, from which we print extensive extracts on the following pages, is the Labour leader's most significant attempt so far to concede and grapple with the political problem. He has, at last, broken free from excessive loyalty to the record of the last Labour government; and by candidly listing some of the major mistakes, his defence of the rest of the record, and his conclusions of what can be learned from it, become the more convincing.

Mr Shore's prospectus bears signs of belated recognition of the political sensitivities with which he must deal. In the crucial section setting out assumptions of what the unions will deliver on pay, the word 'incomes' appears five times. Casual inspection shows that each time the word has been typed, using a different typewriter, over some other, deleted, word. The un-word is 'earnings'. This, it seems, was considered a shade too offensive to the unions, for it implied that Labour was only concerned to moderate the rise in what people earn from working. *Incomes*, on the other hand, suggests that Labour would also keep an eye on *unearned* income.

SUCH DELICATE matters illustrate the problems that lie ahead. The danger is that Mr Shore's package will stumble on some such susceptibility, instead of being considered on its merits. And its merits are considerable. Mr Shore's strategy contains four main strands: first, a substantial increase in government spending; second, devaluation of sterling by 30 per cent over two years; third, direct measures to offset the inflationary effects of this (through price controls and cuts in VAT, interest rates and national insurance rates); and fourth, moderation in pay settlements.

Worked through the Treasury model, this policy ought to bring unemployment down below one million after five years. Britain's gross domestic product would rise by an average of almost 5 per cent a year, consumption by 3 per cent a year, and inflation would stay in single figures.

Two alternative policies on pay are worked through, leaving the other reflationary policies unchanged. In the first case, pay is allowed to rise without constraint. Unemployment actually falls more sharply – but inflation and the balance of payments start to veer out of control. The result, Mr Shore's team conclude, would be

> a drain on the reserves, a major balance of payments crisis, and, inevitably, a change in policy.

That change in policy, it is suggested, would involve a slower rise in public spending. The outcome? Unemployment does not fall below 1½ million.

The alternative that Mr Shore's team worked through on the Treasury computer was a draconian pay policy, coming down from 5 to 1 per cent a year over a five-year period. This, too, could bring down unemployment fast; but living standards for those in work would rise only slowly, while profits and unearned income would roar away into the stratosphere.

As it is, the Shore package would cause company profits to double. This is the skeleton in the shadow chancellor's cupboard: the fact he dare not announce for fear of making his dealings with the union leaders even trickier than they will be anyway.

Profits rise because almost every element in the Shore package helps companies to prosper: buoyant home demand, higher profit margins for exporters, lower national insurance costs, and so on. It is in the nature of reflation that job-creation and profits-growth go together. They are inseparable twins in the economic process.

Now why does Mr Shore seek to hide this elementary fact, and the figures that go with it? It is not as if the economists at the TUC are all wet behind the ears. Rather the opposite: they know perfectly well what the profits implications of reflation would be, for they found much the same thing happening to company profits when they put *their* policy proposals through the Treasury computer in the spring. *And they too kept quiet about their findings.*

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the leaderships of both the Labour Party and the TUC do not feel confident enough to confront their own supporters with this information; they fear that opponents of a deal on pay would seize on the profits forecast to scupper the National Economic Assessment.

This is surely a short-sighted approach by Mr Shore and the TUC's Len Murray. Such critics will discover the truth about company profits sooner (if they are smart and/or read the *New Statesman*) or later (if they aren't and don't). For one thing, profits have been severely depressed by the recession; for another, high profits are better shared out than prevented. By their unwillingness to discuss openly the profits implications of their policies, Labour and the TUC are holding back on what could be a highly productive area for socialist policy-making – involving a reform of company taxation, the encouragement of profit-sharing, and the implementation of planning agreements.

It shows how sensitive are the political issues when such things are swept under the policy-making carpet. The inescapable fact is that, as sophisticated techniques are used to work out how to restore full employment, the hard choices and the trade-offs between competing objectives are bound to become apparent. It is to Mr Shore's credit that he has gone as far as he has; and a pity that he didn't go just a little further. □

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MICHAEL FOOT ON LABOUR'S PROGRAMME

Come back Keynes, all is forgiven

We print on these pages an edited version of a speech Michael Foot recently gave in Cardiff to the South Wales group of the Royal Institute of Public Administration. This text which was not made available to the press at the time, contains a remarkably candid account by Mr Foot of the record of the last Labour government, and the lessons he feels can be drawn in preparing for the next election. Specifically, Mr Foot:

● disowns James Callaghan's retreat from Keynesian economics, in the former Prime Minister's speech to the 1976 party conference;

● admits the damage done to the economy by the Labour cabinet's acceptance of the IMF terms in the 1976 sterling crisis;

● argues that the 1979 'winter of discontent' could have been avoided had the cabinet adopted a pay policy which allowed flat-rate rises of £7.50 all round, instead of the five per cent limit, which Mr Foot now describes as 'a mistake'.

On the other hand, Mr Foot defends the record of the 1974 to 1976 social contract, claiming that the high inflation rate of 1974-5 was mainly the result of the rise in oil prices in 1973 and an inflationary legacy inherited from Edward Heath's government. It is by drawing on the lessons of the last Labour government, Mr Foot contends, that the next Labour government can be made to succeed.

I WAS BROUGHT UP – by Aneurin Bevan among others – to be a socialist critic of Keynes, and I would not wish to depart from that position. But neither Aneurin Bevan nor anyone else of his generation could ever have imagined that we would see our country – and the Western world – turn its back so spectacularly and with grievous consequences on the elementary principles which Keynes established and which, for a quarter of a century or more, worked with such beneficial effects.

The world should have been debating over this past decade how we could advance from the territory which Keynes had won, not how we should have to recapture that precious ground. I only wish Keynes himself were alive to castigate in his own brand of brilliant liberal invective what we have allowed our rulers to do to us.

We are all too familiar with the consequences of monetarism – the social and economic devastation which it has brought to this country and is now bringing to the rest of the world. So I want to concentrate on the record of the Social Contract and what we can learn from that experience for the future.

My conclusion is that, contrary to the general assumption, by any standards the Social Contract was a success. Its achievements on economic growth, inflation and social progress are impressive. The early period, from 1974 to 1976, up to the moment when the aid of the IMF was sought, was specially successful. As it turned out, the prescriptions of the IMF were injurious and imposed very severe strains on the Social Contract itself. While economic growth and social progress after the IMF was seriously impaired, the period 1977-79 was still a vastly more successful period economically than, say, 1970-72 or the early eighties, the periods of monetarism.

It is sometimes forgotten that the origins of the Social Contract lay in the work leading to the 1972 Labour Party programme – that is before Mr Edward Heath had embarked on the last and most spectacularly disastrous episode of statutory incomes policy. The same principles were reiterated in the Manifesto of October 1974:

> At the heart of this manifesto and our programme to save the nation lies the Social Contract between the Labour Government and the trade unions, an idea derided by our enemies, but certain to become widely accepted by those who genuinely believe in government by consent – that is, in the democratic process itself as opposed to the authoritarian and bureaucratic system of wage control imposed by the Heath Government and removed by Labour.
>
> The Social Contract is no mere paper agreement approved by politicians and trade unions. It is not concerned solely or even primarily with wages. It covers the whole range of national policies. It is the agreed basis upon which the Labour Party and the trade unions define their common purpose.

Wages in that period – 1974-75 – rose rapidly, no one can deny it. Such a rise was inevitable in the wake of the huge four-fold oil price rise and the threshold arrangements bequeathed to us by the Heath pay policy. But our policy of the time nonetheless ensured that the burdens of inflation should not fall on the weakest and poorest members of the community.

Apart from a considerable immediate increase in the old age pension, the policy on pay contained two very important elements – the implementation of the Equal Pay Act whose final and only seriously effective stage occurred in this period and the target minimum wage of £30 a week. This may not sound like much now, but at the time the acceptance of this target substantially improved the living standards of some of the lowest paid workers. This was truly an effective piece of policy directed against low pay. And the period 1974-5 was the period in which the greatest improvements were made in the distribution of earnings.

1976, HOWEVER, was different: no one can dispute it. It is here rather than 1975 when an agreed pay system had been adopted that the attempt to sustain the Social Contract moved into a different climate. Thereafter policy became dominated by other objectives like PSBR and the money supply which reflected imported constraints rather than identifiable priorities. This led to cuts in public spending, the adoption of pay norms with little or no special element of social justice, and, finally, to a serious breakdown in relations with the trade unions.

While I reject the Tory accusation that there is any justification or precedent for their present policies in the changes that took place in 1976, it is true that we wavered in allegiance to our own doctrines. It is certainly possible with hindsight to say that we might have been tougher in resisting the IMF medicine. Some might almost argue now that the collapse of the pound in the autumn of 1976 was a speculative ramp. The Cabinet as a whole, as it happens, did resist some of the IMF's more extreme exactions, but there is no question that the new departures accepted or forced upon us did impair our relationship with the unions.

The change in attitude which led to some of the spending cuts and restrictive policies is well encapsulated in the oft-reiterated phrase: 'I tell you in all honesty you cannot spend your way out of a recession.' Those words have hung round our necks too long. They were taken out of context. They were said during a period when we were emerging slowly and painfully from a recession. They were claimed to be all-embracing and eternal in their validity. That is just monetarist nonsense; always has been and always will be. I never doubted that it was possible to use Keynesian policies of public spending as one means of getting out of a recession and I repudiate any suggestion to the contrary, in the name of sanity and four million unemployed.

So by 1977 the Social Contract conception was sick. It did not return to vigorous life until 1979 with the 'concordat' agreed in No. 10 Downing Street in March of that year. By then the Labour Government had

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again freed itself from the shackles of international surveillance. We had seen the disasters which follow a breakdown in relations with the trade unions. We again had a workable plan worked out with them but, as we all now know, it was too late.

TWO BRANDS of revisionist history have been applied to this period. First the Tories try to portray the Social Contract and the whole of the 1974-79 Labour Government as a period of disaster. Even the most cursory glance at our present plight, compared with it, can only lead to the conclusion that the most serious charge to be levelled at the last Labour government is that it let in the present Tory one.

Another form of revisionist history portrays the Social Contract as a betrayal of the labour movement and of the working class. Mistakes and misjudgments, certainly: I would not attempt to question that charge. But the larger and deeper charge is utterly unfounded and could lead to quite mistaken ideas in the future.

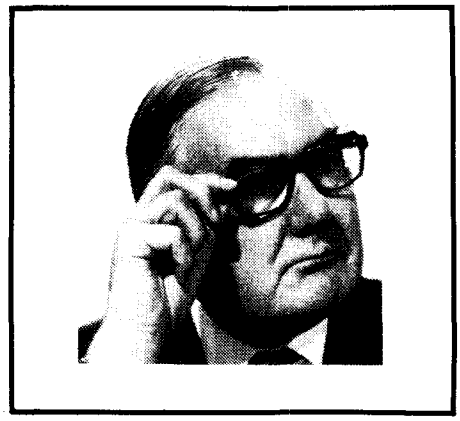
In terms of social progress, the achievement of the 1974-79 government is impressive. The protection of pensions which increased in value by a quarter, the introduction of child benefit by itself, one of the great reforms of the century, the employment protection Act, the Health and Safety legislation started to offer a transformation for many of our people. Shipbuilding and aircraft were nationalised, and the National Enterprise Board, while disappointing the highest expectations, still offered solid advances. Witness how eager the practical Scots and the romantic Welsh are to keep their Agencies.

Major advances were made in the security of people's livelihood, of pensioners, of people in work and perhaps, in retrospect, most strikingly in the position of women. The first stage of equal pay, child benefit, sex discrimination legislation and employment protection laid the foundation for transforming the position of women in our society. This is an unwritten piece of history which I propose to write myself – to ensure its authenticity – when I get the chance.

The policy also, let me remind you, was successful in reducing inflation. The inflation rate inherited in March 1974 was 13½ per cent. In addition there was, there in the pipeline, a further 5 per cent arising from effects of the oil price increases which had not fully worked through, and a further 5 per cent from the threshold payments left over from stage III of the Heath pay policy. So the underlying rate of inflation left us by the Heath/Thatcher administration was above 24 per cent.

However, in a penitent mood, let me repeat: any policy which culminated in the election of the present government cannot be regarded as a success. It must also be admitted that by 1977, while there was still a large measure of support for the policy, there was also substantial opposition especially within the labour movement.

All governments must modify their programmes according to circumstances, and of course there are always people ready to denounce such modifications as betrayals.



CALLAGHAN, 1976: 'You cannot spend your way out of recession.'

Such modifications began fairly soon after the 1974 election. The decision to make planning agreements voluntary rather than compulsory was taken in mid-1974. The process of reducing public sector borrowing and reducing company taxation began at the end of 1974. By mid-1975 this process was adding to inflation through increased indirect taxes and reduced subsidies.

Nonetheless, as we have seen, there was a bigger change in 1976. It was not however the failure to sustain 'the government side of the bargain' which led to the final collapse of the bargain. While the TUC regularly drew attention in their documents to their concern about such matters as planning, import controls, and unemployment, the breakdown actually occurred over pay.

Many now acknowledge that the 5 per cent limit was a mistake, although in fact it was not so rigid as some contended. However, it did fail to take account of the pressures created by the devaluation of 1976 on real take-home pay. It also overestimated the effectiveness of a pay norm which did not have the specific support of the trade union movement. The value of having some agreement was greater than the actual content of the agreement itself.

But let us pause for an experimental moment to imagine what would have happened if we had had in 1978, instead of a 5 per cent policy, a flat rate policy of, say, £7.50 per week. This would have given most workers at least 10 per cent increase that year but added less than 10 per cent to the wage bill.

FOOT, 1982: 'Those words have hung round our necks too long.'

It is likely that, given the pressure on living standards and rising overtime there would have been an extra 3 per cent in pay above that. In the event pay in the 1978-9 pay round was 16½ per cent plus about another 5 per cent in delayed awards.

So, with a more relaxed pay norm, we should have achieved between 4 per cent and 9 per cent lower growth in pay, and hence between 2 per cent and 6 per cent inflation. Given that the winter of discontent was something which mainly affected the low paid who would have achieved increases of 15 per cent and more under this plan we could almost certainly have avoided many of those more painful events. The policy did not collapse under its own weight. It collapsed under the weight of external pressures.

One lesson surely stands out pre-eminent over all the others. The country can only be run successfully by co-operation. Our exertions must be bent therefore to sustaining that co-operation. We must ensure that external pressures are kept to a minimum, and where they become overwhelming that the problems are tackled co-operatively. In order to minimise pressures we shall, for example, have to have a fully worked out strategy for the balance of payments which was one of the major factors which got us into trouble with the IMF in 1976. The Alternative Economic Strategy which is now adopted by the whole party derives from that experience.

What lessons should we draw, in particular, for our new National Economic Assessment?

As the 1974 Manifesto said so well: while agreements like the Social Contract are not primarily about pay, the trade union movement has – and has always been the first to recognise – obligations beyond the pay concern of its own members. It would be easy for the trade unions, if they so chose, to exploit the enhanced power which will undoubtedly accrue to them from the expansion we plan for the economy, to push wages ahead strongly. And there is no point in deluding anybody that this would not be inflationary. Of course, it would be. Inflation is not the most evil of all economic phenomena – mass unemployment is worse – but it is politically damaging and socially corrosive.

In the early stages of a Labour government when unemployment would still be very high, it is unlikely that the old pay take-off would recur. No group of workers is likely to be able to negotiate large increases. As the economy grows, however, both the scope for real pay increases and the pressure will increase. Here the National Economic Assessment must certainly enter the picture. Where must the benefits of extra production go – into increased social benefits, better public services, more jobs, more investment or better living standards for those in work? We need the National Economic Assessment there as an insurance – to make sure and to reassure others that inflation will not be allowed to explode and destroy the new government in the process.

So how shall we go about it in practice? The National Economic Assessment can

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bring together in practice several existing ideas and practices. We should set out projections of the economy on the basis of different assumptions including alternative assessments of world economic conditions, say, alternative patterns for pay and alternative spending and tax policies. We should then have public discussions with a view to reaching agreement on such projections. These would form the background against which co-operative decisions on the long-term programme for public spending was decided. At the same time planning would also start for the budget and the pay round. These would both be one year decisions.

By opening out pay discussion we shall also make it more effective. The press talk as if pay increases are achieved by selfish and greedy trade unionists in the teeth of public opposition. It is not so. When trade unionists win great battles, like the miners in 1972 and 1974, they do so because a large part of the public think they deserve to win. By opening out this process, the decisions about who deserves what will become even more powerful and effective.

We would have to devise budgets consistent with the plan for jobs and consistent with the estimates of take-home pay.

WHILE THE Social Contract brought co-operation between government and trade unions to a higher level than had been achieved previously, clearly immense problems remain to be overcome. The breakdown proved that.

In addition to those already mentioned of recognising pressures and sustaining agreements, there is the presiding problem of communication. Increasingly it became clear that to be effective in terms of inflation an early return to free collective bargaining was not imminent. Yet there was a presumption that each year of pay norms would be the last.

Almost every British government since the war has changed its policy on wages radically at least once. We want to avoid the cycle of U-turns and breakdowns. So we must have the widest possible consultation in advance of taking office to make sure we have the right policy, a well-understood policy and an agreed policy.

The labour movement has the resources and the will to create that policy. Naturally we are all wary of treading a path which, however successful, led to such a severe breakdown. No one understands the fears and hesitation of the trade unions better than I do. But there is no doubt that if we can reach agreement and understanding the obstacles are small compared with the vast areas of agreement.

When the historians of the 1990s come to write the truth about this whole epoch, the 1979-1983 period will be seen as a most painful interlude for Britain and the Western world, when all the lessons of the post-1945 experience were senselessly cast aside in a sudden but fortunately not fatal reversion to the doctrines of a shameful, shameless laissez-faire.

Our new National Economic Assessment will at least mark the end of that wretched chapter. □

BENEFITS

To work or not to work

Nick Morris explains the economics of unemployment

POPULAR MYTH has it that many of those unemployed are 'better off on the dole'. The argument has been widely used to support the view that unemployment and supplementary benefits are too high and that income tax rates must be reduced in order to restore the incentive to work.

There is now no factual foundation for this view. It has never been true for the long-term unemployed. It was true that, in the ten years up to 1978, a situation developed where more than 35 per cent of workers would (for a *short* period of unemployment) continue to get more than 90 per cent of their previous income. But by 1982 the situation had changed so radically that only 5 per cent workers were was in this position. For almost one in four even short term unemployment would now cut their net income by more than half.

Considering the intensity of this debate in recent years, the quality of argument has been surprisingly poor. It polarised between those who believe it to be self-evident that social security benefits are too high; and those who believe that they are too low to support a reasonable standard of living.

How is it that these two groups can come to such opposite policy conclusions? Probably it is because their views were formed some time ago. Recent policy changes have considerably worsened the position of the unemployed, particularly in the short run, relative to their employed counterparts.

The debate centres round the ratio of benefit received when unemployed, to income in work after allowing for income tax and National Insurance payments – but benefits vary during a spell of unemployment. Income tax also makes the picture complicated because periods of unemployment lead to tax rebates (more so before benefits were taxed). Simple ratios can only present a hazy picture of the choice an individual actually faces. The nearest proxy for the sort of calculation an individual might make (implicitly or explicitly) is to look at the ratio between the value of two expected future income streams – one if unemployed and one if in work.

But all even this shows is whether a particular, closely defined individual faces any 'disincentive' to work. Unfortunately, it is at this level that most of the debate is carried on. Those who wish to show that high benefits are a problem choose a very poor person, with many children and high housing costs, impute to him as much benefit as they dare and compare this with an income in work that is depressed by high work expenses and, sometimes, an unfavourable tax position. A recent such example is an Institute of Economic Affairs pamphlet by Hermione Parker.[1] There, as her first among many other examples, she takes a school leaver who earns £46, imputes to him a staggering £10 in work expenses and adds 20 per cent to the supplementary benefit he would receive if unemployed, despite the fact that in 1980 the average additional receipt for an unemployed person was only 1.8 per cent of total supplementary benefit received and less than a quarter received *any* addition. She concludes on this basis that he would be only £10 per week better off working. Those who wish to prove the opposite choose an individual at higher income and make other adjustments accordingly.

Are there any facts to cloud the preconceptions? Just looking at recent policy changes it is clear that the problem has diminished. In 1978, most people received Earnings Related Supplements in addition to their flat-rate unemployment benefit, and a period of unemployment led to a rebate of tax. This January, Earnings Related Supplements were finally abolished. In July, unemployment benefit became liable to tax. In addition, the real value of unemployment benefit has been cut by 6 per cent in the last three years. All these have combined to reduce short-run replacement rates to similar levels to those faced by the long-term unemployed.

However, more precise statements require detailed investigation of the characteristics – and therefore the expected wages, benefits and taxes – of a representative sample of the population. In recent research at The Institute for Fiscal Studies (IFS) we have examined, for such a sample, expected income streams for individuals if they become unemployed for a given period and compared them with the income stream which they could expect if they stayed in work. The results of our model[2] indicate that the 'replacement rate' of net income for a 13-week spell of unemployment rose steadily from 1968 – our earliest data – until 1978, at which point more than 35 per cent of the working population had replacement rates in excess of 90 per cent of their income in work, and the *average* rate was some 83 per cent. By 1982, however, only 5 per cent of the working population had replacement rates over 90 per cent and 23 per cent were below a 50 per cent rate. Very few could actually be better off in financial terms, if they became unemployed. (The average 'replacement rate' for a 13-week unemployment spell is now much lower, at 0.63.)

Of course, this is not the end of the argument. People may like being unemployed, or hate work. So a particular individual may *feel* 'better off' if unemployed. No hard evidence exists as to the critical level of financial incentives making any difference to behaviour, and this will vary, in any case, from individual to individual. However, what is clear is that what was never more than a short-term problem has now been largely removed. □

1. *The Moral Hazard of Social Benefits.*
2. The full paper is available on request from IFS, 1/2 Castle Lane, London SW1.

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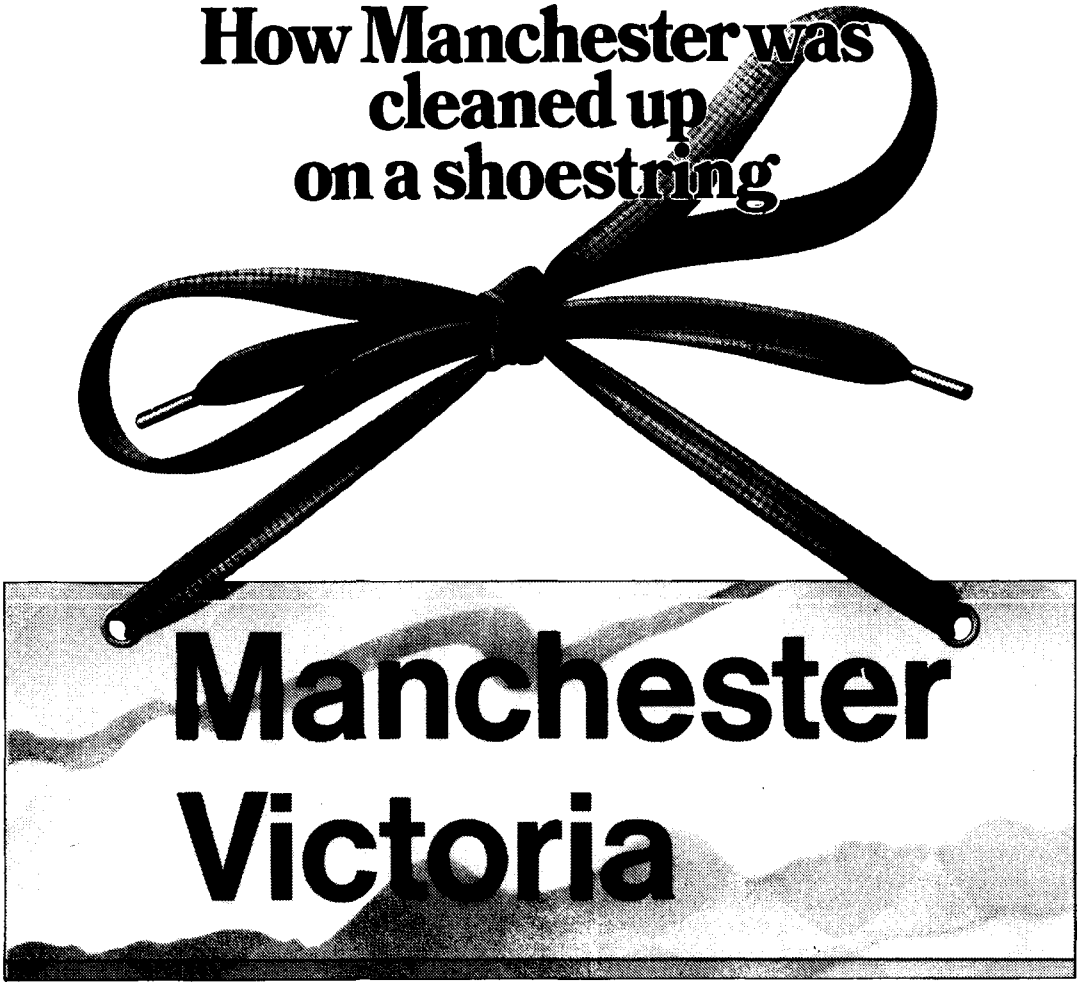
How Manchester was cleaned up on a shoestring



There is no doubt that many city centre railway stations need a wash and brush up.

The problem is, of course, shortage of money and other more essential calls on it, like the need to maintain and improve track, signalling and rolling stock, where there is a huge and growing backlog.

So British Rail approached local authorities with a deal to share the costs.

The first success was Manchester Victoria, where we reached a gentleman's agreement with the Greater Manchester Council.

They were prepared to match the £75,000 British Rail could find from its own somewhat scant resources to brighten the station.

To please the eye further, British Rail demolished some old buildings which had been obscuring the imposing station facade.

A year later the fine architecture of this magnificent station gleamed above a newly created and pleasantly landscaped square.

All concerned were delighted.

Mancunians had a smart new focal point, within an otherwise sombre area, and even the accountants on both sides were satisfied that relatively small sums of money had been well spent.

Since the great Victoria clean-up, many more such projects have been agreed.

They vary from removing graffiti to major refurbishments – and we are always open to offers.

PRESERVING THE PAST

In a second venture with Salford Council, a rail bridge was repainted in striking colours to highlight the symmetry of the Victorian ironwork.

After a similar exercise in Brixton, Lambeth Council instituted a three-year programme to brighten up many other bridges.

Apart from these noticeable improvements to the environment, the costs of many new and vital works are also being shared with, and even wholly met by, local authorities.

WORKING FOR THE FUTURE

And that's not all.

Since 1977, British Rail has been offering land surrounding stations as the foundation of a Youth Opportunities Programme of environmental improvements to help unemployed school leavers. Merseyside County Council leads in this field.

Elsewhere, there has been the refurbishment of Isambard Kingdom Brunel's spectacular train shed at Bristol Temple Meads.

It is hoped that, by 1983, some two hundred sites will be available for use by the Programme.

So when you see a railway station being smartened up, remember that we are not just giving people a clean getaway.

We are trying to make an important contribution both to the environment and to job creation and we are often doing it, with the help of friends, on a shoestring.

This is the age of the train

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INDUSTRY

Stitching up a co-op

Crispin Aubrey describes the efforts of two union-backed co-ops to survive and maintain their ideals

THREE LARGE billboards welcome new arrivals at Taunton railway station. One, somewhat faded, advertises the area's attractions for light industry. Another promotes the locally brewed Taunton cider. A third boldly describes the town as 'the centre of the British shirt industry'.

Taunton once boasted 16 shirt factories; by 1981, with the recession and cheap foreign imports, there were just two left. Last summer, within a month of each other, they both closed down, knocking the slogan firmly on the head and leaving over 300 people jobless. The cider makers, however, are still very much in business. They recently ordered 900 specially emblemed shirts. The order went to the one phoenix to have risen from the ashes – the year-old Taunton Shirt Co-operative.

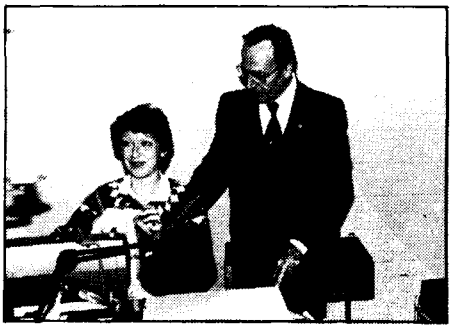
Both the Taunton Co-op, known as Unicorn I – and the smaller Unicorn II in nearby Minehead, which turns out shoes – were launched with the backing of the Transport and General Workers' Union. Together, they've already saved almost 70 jobs. Their survival, nonetheless, has been a matter of matching the co-operative ideal with the need to compete in an ungenerous economic climate.

Taunton Shirts was set up after the Luvisca company, a subsidiary of Courtaulds, laid off all 138 members of its local workforce. Some alternative jobs were offered in Exeter, but few workers relished a daily round trip of 80-odd miles. So when the T & G (not, in fact, the main union at Luvisca) offered advice and help in starting a co-op, the opportunity was eagerly seized.

'We asked Luvisca if we could use some of their disused premises,' says Allan Stuart, the T & G's district officer in Yeovil. 'Surprisingly, they said yes, and gave us a workshop and machinery rent-free for six months. We then went to the Co-op Bank, and they agreed to lend us £1,000 to buy cloth and make up some samples. We already had a lot of people who wanted to join the co-op. So within three months of the closure we were in business.' When a bulk order for 2,500 shirts came in, the bank increased its lending ceiling to £25,000. Importantly, all loans have been underwritten by the union.

Most of the co-op members are women, and cheerily clack away at their sewing machines to the sound of Radio One. Conditions are not ideal, with pressing, for instance, done by hand ironing rather than the steam machines they were used to. But unlike at Luvisca, their interests are represented by four worker directors who, along with two union officials and the manager, take most of the important decisions. 'It was a tragedy when that place closed,' says Edith Evans, one of the worker directors, 'but with nothing else to turn to we all wanted to give the co-op a try. We've had some bad patches, but everyone has stuck it through. Even without the pressure of piece-work, we all work just as hard. There's a feeling that we have to stand on our own feet.'

Wages – the same for everyone – were raised earlier this year to a rate of £1.89 an hour, which means just over £73 for a 39-hour week. With four weeks' holiday, and



Moss Evans visits the Taunton shirt co-op

compared to the Wages Council rate for the textile industry of just £1.50 an hour, this isn't as bad as it sounds. Some women have now become the main family breadwinners.

At first just 20, and then 50, redundant workers were taken on by the co-op. They turn out a basic range of men's shirts – nothing fancy and priced extremely competitively at £5 to £7 each. Initially, an important market was seen as being other trade unionists, particularly within the T & G itself through the monthly *Record* newspaper. A Bristol wholesaler also took some of the output. But, as the co-op members now accept, nobody really knew anything about selling.

By last summer, prospects for the co-op were grim. At one point it was forced to take on stitching work of hospital pillow slips to keep the factory ticking over. Eventually, having reached the limit of its bank borrowing, the union recommended that the co-op employ a new manager, Ray Gill, whose previous experience was with Great Universal Stores in Manchester.

Though not entirely in tune with the co-operative ideal – he thinks the wages are too high and says he's there to make sure the company runs 'more like a business' – Gill has at least got the orders flowing. He's hoping soon to sign a deal with an export company to take up to half the co-op's output. On the strength of new orders, four new staff were recently taken on, bringing the total to 56, including part-timers. In a good week, the co-op is now producing up to 2,500 shirts. 'We've started to make a small profit,' says Gill.

Not everyone is happy with this new regime, however. Although strenuously denied by the union, Graham Hunt, one of the worker directors, says that regular meetings to discuss the company's progress have virtually stopped. 'It's sad that this has happened,' he says, 'and we would have really liked to have done the selling ourselves. But we have to be thankful that we have a job.'

At Minehead, the shoe-makers also started with the benefit of their former employers' philanthropy. Clark's, a Quaker firm based in Somerset, offered its management expertise as well as rent-free premises and machinery for six months, an agreement which has since been extended. While continuing to fight the closure through an action committee, the workers were already designing their new product. They now sell a straightforward line in men's shoes at less than £10 a pair, as well as various accessories such as purses and handbags.

This co-operative works through four elected directors from among the 13-strong workforce, and regular meetings to discuss everything from pricing to buying materials. 'Everybody knows what's going on – and why,' says Jack Furze, the production manager. 'We've had one or two arguments, but they're usually settled quickly, because it's easy to get the group together. Even shy people have come out. And I don't have to motivate anyone, they motivate themselves.' Many of the (mainly women) workers talk excitedly about the challenge of 'being your own boss'.

The going has still been extremely tough. Having each sunk £500 of their redundancy pay in the venture – its only start-up capital – they then had to survive for four months without wages. They can only now afford to pay a minimal £50 a week, and are still fighting a lengthy battle with the DHSS over whether they're eligible for benefit during the unpaid period.

But the crunch, as at Taunton, has come with sales. Apart from the factory shop (strongly supported by local customers), every conceivable local outlet has been tapped. It hasn't been enough. Selling shoes, even through the trade union mail order network, has proved more difficult than selling shirts. Jack Furze hopes for a number of large orders to turn up trumps, and in the process to raise some money from the bank.

Unlike the Taunton co-op, however, Unicorn II has had useful advice but no financial support from the union. Furze says that they had been led to expect some money, wasted valuable time waiting for it, and feels considerably let down. To be fair, as the T & G's Allan Stuart points out, his union had no members at Clark's. 'A trade union is not a charity,' he says. 'If we had to do this for every co-op, we'd be bankrupt.'

Stuart still argues, with some justification, that the assistance given to the two co-ops has been an important step for the union to take. One recent estimate placed Taunton Shirts as the sixth largest manufacturing employer in the town. Famous visitors have included Moss Evans, who came down for the first birthday party, and Common Market Commissioner Ivor Richards. 'This is a first in Europe,' says Stuart. 'And the dream behind it is that if we *can* make profits, then we can really begin to help people like those in Minehead.' □

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POLICE

Admissible evidence

Richard Kinsey reviews a two-year Scottish experiment in tape recording interrogations

WILLIAM WHITELAW'S decision, announced last week, to go ahead with three years' trial tape-recording of police interrogations in six English forces will not be popular among police officers. Or so the experience in Scotland suggests.

The Home Office has now received the latest interim report – 'Tape Recording of Police Interviews: The First 24 Months' – prepared by the Scottish Home and Health Department. The findings are based on research undertaken since May 1980. 2,149 interrogations held in police stations in Dundee and Falkirk have been taped in full. These have included persons 'helping the police', persons arrested, and (since June 1981) persons detained on suspicion under the Criminal Justice (Scotland) Act, 1980. The experiment continues and now includes stations in Glasgow and Aberdeen. Police reaction is described as 'overwhelmingly negative'.

The object of the experiment is 'to evaluate the success of tape-recording in meeting its objectives'. These are:

- to deter and/or prevent the use of unfair practices by the police during interviews, and the making of false and unfair allegations about police behaviour by suspects;
- to provide an objective means of resolving disputes about the conduct and substance of police interviews;
- to provide courts with a more satisfactory account of police interviews than hitherto possible.

The study has revealed marked differences in police practices in the Tayside and Central forces. In Dundee there was an immediate and sharp decrease in the use of interrogation after the introduction of what was seen as 'surveillance technology'. Thereafter, however, it rose again steadily to a level now almost twice as high as before and continued upwards. In Falkirk, on the other hand, an immediate decrease of approximately 12 per cent remained constant over the first two years.

The most striking findings relate to the length of interrogations. In Dundee, before tape-recording, the average length of an interrogation was 24.5 minutes. Since tape-recording, it has fallen to 10 minutes. In Falkirk the reduction is even more dramatic: from 39 minutes to a mere 6 minutes.

Exercise of the 'right of silence' by those being questioned appears to have been affected. A sharp drop was found in the number of interviews where the suspect just made a formal reply to charge and caution (from 75 to 45 per cent), but the number of occasions when the suspect chose to remain silent rose from 15 to 44 per cent. On the basis of interviews with officers from both forces the report claims that 'prior to the introduction of tape-recording [officers] were unlikely to take any notice of a suspect's request to say nothing but would have pursued their questioning of the suspect'. It concludes that 'tape-recording has effectively prevented this'.

The officers' reasons for such changes are analysed. In the previous interim report one officer is quoted as saying:

> You are frightened to ask questions because they may become inadmissible questions and there's a record of it, whereas if the tape wasn't there you've really got *carte blanche*. I don't say you'd beat the prisoner up or throw him around the room, far from it, but you've got more leeway without the tape . . .

The report noted, however, that since the introduction of tape-recording officers 'in order to avoid the restrictions that questioning certain suspects on tape would impose, often adopt the tactic of engaging in "preliminary" interviewing elsewhere'. Thus, for example, in Falkirk the number of suspects who made relevant statements prior to arrival at the police station has risen from 14 per cent before to an average of 44 per cent. The report concludes that this practice is 'understandable and unavoidable' unless it were to be decided that *only* tape-recorded evidence would be admissible in court.

Further, there is some indication that the

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use of 'holding charges' has diminished. Thus in Falkirk it was found that the number of cases in which grounds for further charges were revealed in the course of interrogation dropped from 33 to 8 per cent.

THE RESPONSE of agencies other than the police to the experiment is by and large positive. A survey of the prosecution service showed that in almost half of all cases the taped material is regarded as important; and in one in seven cases it was described as crucial or very important. It was widely thought that tape-recording had reduced the number of false allegations against the police. However, it is concluded that procurators fiscal:

> . . . do not feel that the introduction of tape-recording has given the Scottish prosecutor a greater degree of practical control over the police than he presently enjoys . . .

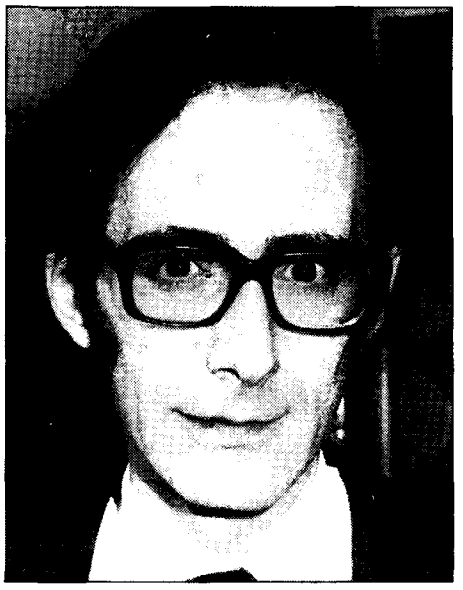
and that:

> . . . most fiscals . . . considered that the methods adopted by the police when questioning suspects were not the rightful concern of the fiscal.

(This should be borne in mind by those who see the introduction of an independent prosecution system in England and Wales as a means of ensuring greater police accountability.)

Defence lawyers on the other hand appear to have been slow on the uptake. Indeed, one procurator fiscal is recorded as:

> . . . astonished at the openings which I see for the defence which they don't take up . . . if I were a defence lawyer there would be many things which I would want to challenge which aren't challenged.



Camera Press

Malcolm Rifkind: promises, promises . . .

Most defence lawyers interviewed support the principle that only statements which are tape-recorded should be admissible. However, the report claims, recent judicial decisions to this effect have increased police distrust of tape-recording. On the other hand, one desirable consequence appears to have been that the police have had recourse to methods other than interrogation in investigation.

The report makes interesting reading in the context of the report of the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure. The Commission recommended that summaries of interrogations and statements made should be taped and the suspect offered the opportunity to comment. Full tape-recording of interrogations was rejected, primarily on technical grounds; there would be difficulties in soundproofing and consequently transcription, and the cost would be inordinate. However, the Scottish research confirms the Commission's opinion that fears of 'tampering' by the police and 'play-acting' by suspects are unfounded.

The Commission, while admitting that it considered the Scottish experiment only 'late in our work', dismissed its relevance to England. Differences in the law of arrest, corroboration and the public prosecution system in the two countries rendered comparison unwise, it argued. (Nonetheless, much was made of American and Swedish experience.) However, changes in police powers of detention for questioning brought in by this government under the Criminal Justice (Scotland) Act, 1980 were said merely to have placed the Scottish police in the same position as the English!

There is room for a good helping of cynicism. The changes in police powers introduced North of the border were recommended by the Thomson Committee as early as 1975. Thomson, however, stipulated that full tape-recording of interrogations be required and that confessions, obtained 'off-tape', should be inadmissible in court. The powers under the Criminal Justice (Scotland) Act came into effect in June 1981 but only after Malcolm Rifkind – at that time Minister in the Scottish Office – had given assurances to the House that tape-recording would be set up as soon as technically adequate systems had been devised. We are still waiting. In the first year, the power of detention under Section 2 of the Act was exercised on over 21,000 occasions (once per every 250 of the Scottish population).

Wider powers to detain and interrogate are to be extended to the police in the South in the Police Bill promised for this session of Parliament. Inevitably, the debate will centre upon the 'protections' on offer for suspects. Is it to be the same in the South as it has been North of the border? Is it going to take another three years to prove the obvious? And – for those living in Scotland – shall we now be made to await the results of the English experiment? □

This week in CITY LIMITS magazine

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☐ When the Industry Secretary Mr Patrick Jenkin couldn't turn up to open a technology exhibition in Manchester a robot did the job instead. – *Daily Mirror* (Carol O'Byrne)

☐ Like Samarkand, Omsk, Tomsk and Damascus, and as well as Paris, Pekin and Geneva, Paddock Wood has the luck to be at the crossing of vital trade routes. – *Kent Messenger* (Lilian Solity)

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DIARY

Christopher Price

Troubles are massing thick and fast for our new 'moderate' National Executive Committee. They may wriggle free from the mess they have created over Militant, but I doubt it. The fundamental miscalculation was that Militant would never stoop to using the capitalist courts. I always knew they would. It would be a bad mistake if, as Brian Walden suggested on *Weekend World* on Sunday, the NEC now decided to redouble their counter-attack with a general drive against the 'Left' in the constituencies. Not that I'm against one-member-one-vote in principle; but it would be disastrous to rush it through in an ill-thought-out Left-bashing exercise. It would alienate those CLPs who like the system as it is; and until it is foolproof, it's an electoral method far wider open to fiddling than our present, broadly representative management committees.

○

The NEC can hardly complain at Militant going to law, when they have decided to do so themselves to challenge the Boundary Commission. I am no expert in the minutiae of electoral law; but I have grave doubts whether our courts, at the end of the day, will find two, brother-QC Commissioners guilty of getting anything wrong. Perhaps it's just an expensive, £20,000 filibuster; it will certainly make it almost impossible for Mrs Thatcher to go for an election on the new boundaries any earlier than October. I don't think that will worry her; all the evidence suggests that she's increasingly susceptible to Callaghanitis, and believes she can continue into 1984 with impunity. We shall see.

○

Then there's Bermondsey. What on earth will the NEC do? It seems they have only two options. Endorse Tatchell, let Michael eat his Foot, get on with the by-election and expose John O'Grady, the Southwark ex-Leader, who threatens to stand as an independent, as something less than the beacon light of pure moderate tolerance that he claims to be. That's one option, and it would be an uphill struggle, in the teeth of a violent, sarcastic press. Option number two is ditch Tatchell, dissolve the Bermondsey Party, and put in an NEC *apparatchik* to stop O'Grady standing. Although that would get the requisite FOOT LASHES LEFT *Daily Mail* headlines and certainly guarantee victory for whoever the lucky *apparatchik* happened to be, it would do incalculable long-term damage to the democratic procedures of the Labour Party. It would certainly stimulate another round of vicious internecine warfare and alienate lots of decent party folk, to whom democratic votes on resolutions and candidates mean quite a lot. I suspect the NEC may still go for option no. 2 and make their excuses by telling the party at large that it is making a special case of London, loonie Lefties. If they do, I think they'll be wrong. The electorate doesn't mind parties which stick up for principles; and local democracy is, after all, not a bad one.

○

It seems that Michael Foot has kept much the same old team and has accepted his role as the prisoner of the Right as much in the shadow cabinet as in the NEC. Perhaps Neil Kinnock made his bid too soon; but in the course of it all two self-contradictory doctrines have emerged: one, if, like Neil Kinnock, you do well in the shadow cabinet election you can nominate the job of your choice; and two, if, like Eric Varley, you like your existing job, you can't be forced to move from it. I wish Michael had declared both conventions a load of rubbish and just picked the shadow cabinet he thought would work best. It's one of the few bits of real patronage he's got left and, as Peter Kellner advocated last week, Labour desperately needs a less prima-donna-ish shadow cabinet and a real shadow 'cabinet office'. Michael should realise that it is only a sense of teamwork and cohesion that will give Labour the necessary punchy image at the next election. Merlyn Rees's new 'overlord' job is a step in the right direction but not exactly the charismatic recipe we need.

○

There are so many policy areas which need to be straightened out before the next election. One of the most urgent is the relationship between the Manpower Services Commission and democratically elected local authorities. Though the brainchild of Ted Heath, the MSC is beloved of the TUC and has been growing in strength and eroding local democracy for the past decade. It already fixes the curriculum for about a third of the students in further education (in a few cases for the better), but with no accountability whatsoever to teachers, students or the public at large. Now, without any consultation, the MSC has been let loose in the school classroom, with power to fund courses for 14-year-olds and upwards, if necessary in their own premises if local politicians won't cooperate. Properly coordinated and accountable, it could be a useful initiative, to bring reality into the school for all youngsters – including the 'academics'. But, as it is proposed at present, it will just create a 14-plus divide in our comprehensive schools and prevent the development of a broad, common curriculum.

○

Ministers have been awaiting the Tory reshuffle with even more pallid trepidation than their shadows, especially in Avignon – Belfast to you and me. This is how Mr Prior and his hand-picked team of wets refer to their Ulster redoubt. For them, it's a temporary place of exile, until the scarlet antipope Thatcher can be ejected from her usurped metropolitan throne over the water. In spite of their wet-suits, they are an engaging crew; but I fear the true Disraeli-Butler-Carrington faith is on the wane. I suspect she'll leave her rebels in Ireland for the moment, but massacre them if and when, as she so fervently hopes, she manages to win the next election.

ROGER WODDIS

Up the lady's nose

A confidential Cabinet Office document states that 'no trade unionist should be included' in public bodies at national level.

I want no truck
With those terrible tradesmen,
Making a mess of my polished floor.
Send them away, if you see them, Denis –
All they deserve is a barred back door.

They lower the tone
Of a decent neighbourhood,
With their callused hands and their Co-op suits:
Let them into our public bodies,
And who would be safe from their hobnailed boots?

If they dare to think
They are more than mere peasants,
I shall set the dogs on them, have no fear.
Imagine a seat on a Royal Commission
Being filled by a nurse or an engineer!

It would be the end
If such vulgar people
Ever managed to reach the commanding heights;
But hand me my hat and call a car –
I'm making a speech about human rights.

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FOREIGN NEWS: TURKEY

Just good friends

Claudia Wright explores the nature of US support for Evren's Junta

'WE ALL SUPPORT democracy in Turkey', the American Brigadier-General was saying at a private seminar in Washington not long ago. 'But it would be a mistake for our Turkish friends to restore democracy too soon.' The Turkish military junta has not disappointed its American friends. The clique headed by General Kenan Evren that took power at the point of a gun just over two years ago 'legitimised' itself with the constitutional 'referendum' on 7 November. But power in Turkey remains at the point of the same gun.

The problem that General Evren still faces is that the votes that really count for supplying weapons for his armed forces and cash for his treasury are cast not in Turkey, but in Washington. This year the Reagan Administration failed in several attempts to get Congress to increase the assistance on which Turkey depends. Indeed only some swift parliamentary manoeuvring by Evren's supporters on the House Foreign Affairs Committee prevented drastic cuts in Turkey's annual appropriation. For fiscal year 1983 Turkey can expect to receive about $700 million, equal to the 1982 figure, but $120 million less than the Administration's budget requested.

As the 1984 budget figures are finalised inside the Administration over the next few weeks, Evren faces even more formidable difficulties. US officials argue there isn't enough money in the budget to offer more money to Turkey and other allies teetering on bankruptcy. An increase to Israel must be matched by an increase to Egypt. More for Turkey means more for Greece. Some countries, including Turkey, which have been borrowing from the US to pay for their arms, cannot even pay the interest on their debt. The Administration's reserve funds to cover such defaults is close to exhaustion and will have to be replenished. That alone may add another $5 billion to the 1985 budget deficit.

But Congressional opposition to more Turkish aid goes beyond budget stringency. It includes pro-Israel Congressmen who don't like supporting any Moslem states; those who don't like unstable regimes or foreign aid in general; and a growing number who won't like the mass trials, persecution of minorities, and other violations of human rights that have distinguished General Evren as Europe's leading dictator.

A report just prepared for a joint Senate-House Commission discloses estimates of the number of political prisoners in Turkey ranging from 30,000 to 100,000. It refers to mass trials of Turkish lawyers, trade union and political party members; the use of torture; and repression of the Armenian and Kurdish communities. The report notes several criticisms of the new Evren constitution – of the expansion of presidential powers, the limitation of the powers of the new National Assembly, the prohibition of union activities, and the ban on free expression aimed at former political leaders, like Bulent Ecevit. 'There is no doubt,' the report concludes, that 'there are substantial violations of human rights taking place in Turkey . . . the nature of the current domestic crisis does not justify the scope and severity of certain of the actions of the martial law authorities . . . Congress should give some consideration to improvements in the human situation when reviewing future requests for economic and military aid.'

The report was prepared by Congressional staff after a week visiting Turkey in August. As early drafts of the report were circulated among House and Senate members, the Reagan Administration and the Turkish Ambassador in Washington, Sukru Elekdag, tried to stop the criticism. Richard Perle, the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security policy, in particular, tried to get several critical passages deleted from the text. Congressional sources say there were no actual deletions under this pressure.

State Department officials are saying that Evren's constitution deserves a 'honeymoon period' from the Congress. William Casey, the CIA director, visited Turkey quietly on 28 September to keep himself in touch with the situation. The Administration is trying hard to neutralise the impact of the human rights charges against the Turkish government. Its campaign is aimed at depicting Turkey as vital for defence against Soviet expansion towards the Gulf. The message is that Congress may not like General Evren, but it needs him to provide the base for an effective nuclear counter-attack in the event of war with the Soviet Union.

Last month Assistant Secretary Perle led a US delegation to the second meeting of the US-Turkish 'High-Level Group' in Ankara. At the first meeting in April, Perle and Turkish officials agreed on details for expanding Turkish airfields and troop bases in eastern Turkey, and for preparing forward headquarters for the Rapid Deployment Joint Task Force (RDJTF), the US intervention force designed for operations in the Gulf (see *NS* 14 May). In May these details were denied. This time leaks from the Pentagon itself claimed that the High-Level Group had signed a new 'agreement' covering construction work at Erzurum, Mus and Batman. The money for this, the Pentagon indicated, would have to come from a 'significant increase' in the 1984 aid budget for Turkey.

In fact, the agreements for military 'modernisation' in eastern Turkey had already been signed and much of the work is well under way. Construction activity at Erzurum, for example, a storage depot for US warheads, has been noted locally for months and B-52 bombers have been reported using the extended runways there. At Van, near Erzurum, extensions of runways and other construction started last May, when the airport was suddenly closed to civilian traffic. Perle and the Turks certainly signed the minutes of their earlier meeting in Ankara, but a 'new agreement' has been disclosed purely to help the Pentagon and General Evren put pressure on the Budget Bureau and Congress for more money.

Washington wants forward bases for the RDJTF in eastern Turkey. But the Turkish junta is afraid of arousing public opposition in Turkey to a foreign intervention force aimed at the Moslem states to the east and south. The cover story offered instead by Turkish and US officials is that the eastern Turkish bases are intended for NATO operations only. At the very least, this could represent the Pentagon's standby in case disarmament talks or political pressures delay or put an end to the deployment of ground-launched Cruise missiles in Western Europe. □

POLAND

Social parasites

Gustaw Moszcz on repression and corruption under General Jaruzelski

POLAND'S JUNTA has dissolved Solidarity. But foreign comment has failed to notice another part of its policy of trying to impose Leninist 'war communism' on the country. By the end of October the 'social parasite' Bill was formally accepted by the Sejm (parliament) – a law supposedly aimed against drunkenness, petty criminals, and black marketeers.

The terms of the law are simple. Any male between the ages of 18-45 who has been unemployed for three months must explain why this is so. If the authorities are not satisfied with his answer, he can be 'directed' to work schemes. Refusal to take up the work offered can result in fines and jail sentences. The measure was opposed by the Church and the Polish judiciary, because the law is clearly aimed at prevention of social dissent. Thousands of ex-Solidarity activists and employees of the Union are persistently refused work by state institutions, and at best struggle along supported by underground Solidarity. A few have managed to set up small businesses. This new law threatens both categories. ▶

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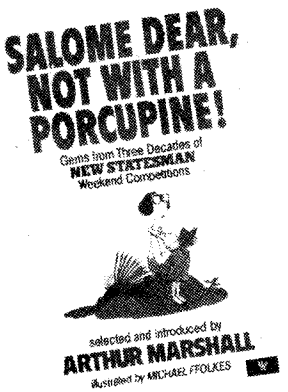
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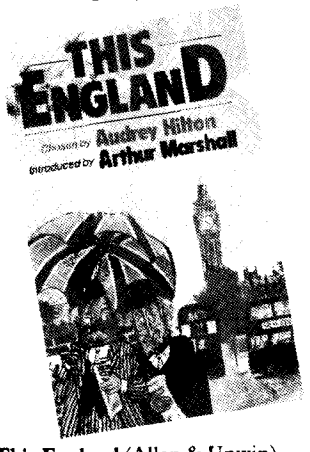

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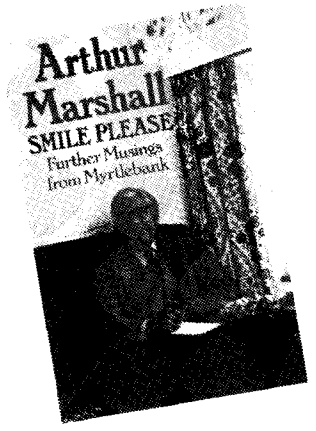

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Under the law, the local authorities will be able to decide who merits a fine or jail for persistent refusal to find work and, as always, those with enough cash and contacts will be able to protect themselves. One of the long-term side-effects of Poland's 'war communism' is the now almost total mistrust of the legal and police system. Ordinary citizens have come to feel that the protection of the law is simply a purchasable commodity. If you are attacked, robbed, burgled, why go to the police? They are either impotent, indifferent, or are in cahoots with the criminals. The implementation of law in Poland today depends on who you have contacts with.

It's very easy to see this in effect. Go to any garage and for 60 zlotys a litre you can buy any amount of petrol, though in theory it is supposed to be rationed and to sell for 32 zlotys a litre. Cigarettes, tea, shoes, clothing – you name it and, despite its complete absence from the shops, it's waiting for you just round the corner, for the right price.

As for ordinary small-time crime, the Milicja and SB (secret police) pay little regard to it. Their time is cut out tracking down printers of leaflets and bulletins, watching for signs of fresh strikes, and breaking those which sporadically flare up. The only police ever to be seen on the street are either heavily armed ZOMO riot police, or the occasional passing Milicja van. Milicja patrols stick closely to party buildings, Milicja HQs, and administration offices. The result of this is that burglaries, car thefts, street fights, fencing of stolen goods, go mainly unchecked. With many of the real 'social parasites' already employed by the regime there can be no doubt as to the real purpose of General Jaruzelski's new law. □

SRI LANKA

Crackdown

President Jayawardene resorts to desperate measures, reports Upali Cooray

ON 22 DECEMBER the Sri Lankan government will hold a referendum to extend the life of the present parliament for another six years. This will replace the elections due next June.

Sri Lanka's president, J. R. Jayawardene, has also now invoked 'emergency powers' to close down the Communist daily newspaper *Aththa* and four other papers. The Communist party's offices have been sealed, and scores of members of the Communist Party and the main opposition party, the SLFP, have been detained without charge.

The official reason for these actions is that the government claims to have uncovered a plot by 'anarchist elements' in the SLFP to assassinate President Jayawardene as well as the SLFP's leader, ex-Prime Minister Sirima Bandaranaike, and her son Anura. The government argues that by postponing elections for six years it will give the 'legitimate leadership' of the SLFP time to put its house in order.

The government's concern for Mrs Bandaranaike is surprising: not so long ago it enacted retrospective legislation to strip her of her civic rights and prevent her from engaging in political activities for seven years, because of decisions she had taken while she was Prime Minister in the 1970s.

A more plausible explanation for the suspension of democracy and the silencing of the opposition is that the ruling United National Party (UNP), which at present has over 80 per cent of the seats in Parliament, would almost certainly lose many of them if it had to face election next year. The UNP has already lost much of its public support in the past year, and this drop in popularity will be still greater when President Jayawardene introduces his stringent 'austerity measures' in the next few months.

A confidential report prepared by the South Asia department of the World Bank, which was presented at the Sri Lanka 'aid club' meeting in Tokyo in May, painted a gloomy picture of the island's economic prospects. It predicted that Sri Lanka's international reserves would be completely exhausted by 1984 without massive support from the IMF.

In previous years, the World Bank paid glowing tributes to the 'new and dynamic' policies of Mr Jayawardene and the UND. Foreign companies were offered ten-year 'tax holidays' as an incentive to set up business in Sri Lanka. President Jayawardene's government also began to dismantle the welfare state by reducing subsidies on food, transport and domestic fuel. The value of the rupee was halved in 1977 and floated against hard currencies, resulting in a further depreciation of 25 per cent. To back up its economic measures, the government imposed severe penalties on workers taking strike action.

After its initial euphoria, having embarked on a massive capital spending programme – prestigious parliamentary complex, irrigation scheme, luxury flats – Jayawardene's government faced a liquidity problem, high inflation and an enormous foreign debt. In order to meet debt servicing charges and repayments of foreign loans, the government is now seeking to lease new-irrigated land to multinationals such as Nestlé and British American Tobacco.

However, the World Bank is insisting that much more drastic measures must be taken. It is demanding a further devaluation of the rupee (to which President Jayawardene has already agreed), a credit squeeze and reduction in the money supply, and further cuts in subsidies and government spending. This is a tall political order for a government that has already dismantled most of the welfare state which was built over three decades.

But President Jayawardene is determined to carry out the World Bank's 'recommendations', however great the popular opposition. Hence his crackdown on political opponents. Having come to power promising 'a just and righteous society', he is now well on the way to creating a 'guided democracy' in the mould of Marcos's Philippines and Suharto's Indonesia. □

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NATIVE AMERICAN RIGHTS

Battle of Yellow Thunder

A group of Sioux is fighting for its land. John Stokdyk explains

Camera Press

Sioux Indian: 'Just trying to live my life'

ON MONDAY, the United States government took a group of Indian squatters to court in Rapid City, South Dakota, to try to evict them from 800 acres of Federal land in the Black Hills National Forest.

The Indians, members of the Dakota American Indian Movement (AIM), occupied a secluded mountain valley near Rapid City in April 1981. There they established Yellow Thunder Camp, a retreat where they could practise their religion and live according to traditional Lakota (Sioux) values.

For the past 18 months the Yellow Thunder occupation has been a focal point of the continuing, and often violent, struggle for Native American rights in the northern plains. Despite racially motivated shootings and harassment, biased law enforcement and an endless treadmill of litigation, the Yellow Thunder people believe that the spiritual power of the *He Sapa* (Black Hills) gives them strength. They have an air of quiet determination. 'I'm just an ordinary man, trying to live my life,' said Shorty White Bull, the oldest member of Yellow Thunder Camp. 'I come here to be myself.' AIM leader Russell Means explained the significance of the camp's location: 'The entire *He Sapa* are our Holy Land. They are our church, the graveyard of our ancestors, our birthplace as a nation.'

By the terms of the 1868 Fort Laramie treaty the US government recognised the sovereign rights of the tribes of the Lakota nation to a huge tract of land west of the Missouri river that included the Black Hills. The government then unilaterally claimed back 100 square miles of the mineral-rich Black Hills following a goldrush started by a maverick cavalry general – named George Armstrong Custer.

In 1980 the US Supreme Court ruled that the 1877 Black Hills land seizure was unconstitutional and ordered the government to pay $122 million compensation and accumulated interest to the Lakota nation. The Indians contend that the US government has repeatedly used the tactic of offering cash payments to legitimise land thefts from Native American nations after the fact. If they were to take the money they would effectively waive all legal claims to the Black Hills. 'The Black Hills Are Not For Sale' is their rallying cry; it can be seen on many pick-up truck bumperstickers.

The question of Indian land rights will become increasingly critical in the 1980s as the energy crisis begins to bite. Since the 1973 OPEC embargo, the American government has become sensitive about the reliability of US energy supplies. It has looked increasingly to coal and uranium deposits in the US. Some of the most spectacular uranium and coal deposits in the world are located under the otherwise barren reservations to which Indian tribes were restricted in the 19th Century. Approximately half of the recoverable uranium in the United States lies in New Mexico and half of that is under Indian land. Another eight million pounds of uranium have been located in South Dakota.

One of the most enthusiastic proponents of President Reagan's policy to explore for strategic supplies within US borders is Secretary of the Interior James Watt. Watt, the scourge of the environmental lobby, also supervises the colonial Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA). Through the influence of the BIA on tribal governments, large energy corporations are being allowed access for below market prices to resources that belong to Native Americans. The Department of Energy has euphemistically termed these energy rich Indian lands 'national sacrifice areas'. One corporation, Energy Transportation Systems, Inc. (ETSI), plans to build a pipeline to carry Black Hills coal slurry over 1,000 miles to Arkansas. According to an ETSI environmental impact statement the project would in 30 years drain the water table which feeds the Powder, Platte and Missouri rivers.

AIM came to prominence when it occupied a church hall in Wounded Knee in 1973 and held off the US Army and the FBI for 71 days to protest at the policies and 'goon squad' autocracy of Oglala Lakota tribal chairman Dick Wilson. In 1975 Wilson signed away one eighth of the Pine Ridge Reservation to the National Park Service. The land, known as the Sheep Mountain range, had been identified in a geological survey carried out for the BIA as a prime site for excavating oil, gas, uranium and talconite iron ore.

Because of its resistance to the plans of US corporations, AIM has been harassed by the FBI and other agencies. The Law Enforcement Assistance Administration lists AIM as one of the 'five most dangerous' organisations in the US. AIM activist Leonard Peltier is currently appealing against a 1977 conviction for the murder of two FBI agents. Another Aim member, Anna Mae Aquash died in mysterious circumstances at Pine Ridge in 1976.

As early as April 1981, AIM filed a special use application for the Yellow Thunder Camp site with the US Forestry Service, but the request was denied. In September last year US Marshals underwent paramilitary training to evict the squatters.

US Marshals and the FBI notwithstanding, the battleground for the Indian wars in recent years has been the courtroom. The government was unable to evict over 300 AIM activists from the site and backed down from a violent confrontation. US District Judge Donald O'Brien will now determine the camp's future at a trial in Rapid City this winter.

In the preliminary skirmishes of the legal battle, Yellow Thunder has won several victories, including the right to remain at the site during the lawsuit and to construct a temporary communal building. However, the camp has not been immune from racist attacks and provocation by state and local authorities. □

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SOCIALIST INTERNATIONAL

Cat among the pigeons

Diana Johnstone reports on how the Israeli-Palestinian conflict could blow the Socialist International to pieces

Paris

DEEPLY SPLIT over the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, the Socialist International is heading for an explosion at its 16th Congress in Sydney, Australia, next March. Member party leaders who met in Basle, Switzerland, earlier this month to set the agenda were unable to agree on anything, least of all on whether or how to invite the Palestine Liberation Organisation (PLO) to send an observer.

Israeli Labour Party leader Shimon Peres adamantly rejected any communication with the 'terrorists', although the PLO sent an observer to the last SI Congress in Madrid two years ago. Today, after the Israeli war in Lebanon, sympathy for Yasser Arafat's organisation is much greater and a PLO representative of some sort is virtually certain to surface in Sydney – adding a further cause for conflict.

The row in the Socialist International is indicative of the capacity, or incapacity, of the European Social Democratic parties to get together on a reasonably co-ordinated approach to North-South relations. Ex-Chancellor Willy Brandt and the left on the German Social Democratic Party (SPD) undertook the renovation of the moribund Socialist International in the mid-70s, after they lost control of the Bonn government to their party's right-wing. With Brandt as chairman and Bernt Carlsson, a Swede, as Secretary-General, the SI was weaned from cold war anti-communism to detente. The East-West emphasis was increasingly on disarmament, and attempts were made to give substance to the North-South emphasis by recruiting parties from the Third World, but with only modest success.

At first, there was a tendency on the Left to see this new SI as a fresh instrument of German, or even German-American ambitions. This impression was reinforced when SI gave its backing to Mario Soares, a German protegé, who played a key role in taking Portugal away from the revolutionary officers and giving it back to the rich ruling families. There were also obvious similarities between positions adopted by SI and President Carter's 'Trilateralism' and human rights policy.

Certainly, it was under cover of the Carter human rights policy that the SI first ventured to support reformist and even non-aligned revolutionary forces in South and Central America. As Carter moved away from detente and was replaced by President Reagan, the Socialist International has found itself in open opposition to Washington, notably over disarmament and Central America.

As far as Germany is concerned, Brandt's SI has served to counterbalance both the official Bonn policy, presided over by Foreign Minister Hans Dietrich Genscher (closely aligned with Washington) and the 'far right' diplomacy of Bavarian Franz Josef Strauss (open to the more disreputable military dictatorships). The SPD's loss of office in Bonn does not change this very much. Brandt's SI diplomacy still has its base in the Socialist's Friedrich Ebert Foundation and being in opposition seems to be strengthening the left-wing of the SPD. The Germans' ongoing interest in the SI was shown by their high-powered five-man delegation in Basle, headed by Brandt and Hans-Jurgen Wischnewski (who has excellent contacts in the Arab world).

A CERTAIN consensus has begun to emerge among Social Democrats throughout the middle of Europe, from Scandinavia through the Benelux countries to Switzerland and Austria, on the imperative need for disarmament and a new basis of relations with the Third World, if only out of self-interest and self-preservation. This (and the influence of the Swedish Socialist Party) has been strengthened by the return of Olof Palme to power in Stockholm.

But the prominent position of the Israeli Labour Party in the Socialist International has been a major stumbling block in its relations with the Third World. During its long years in office, the party set Israel on the path of military alliance with Western neo-imperialism against Third World liberation movements. As Deputy Defence Minister, Shimon Peres himself promoted close nuclear and military co-operation with France. It was Labour that initiated military co-operation with South Africa and with Central American dictatorships. The Israeli Labour Party is an embarrassingly durable incarnation of the European blend of chauvinistic social democracy and imperialism which most European parties would like to leave behind them.

And then, of course, there is the Middle East crisis itself. The only party in the Arab world which the SI had managed to recruit to its ranks was the Lebanese Progressive Socialist Party, led by Walid Jumblatt. Putting Lebanon under firm right-wing rule (and wiping out this party in the process) was the main objective of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon. Shimon Peres and his party never really disavowed it.

A number of member parties – led by the Swiss, Scandinavians and Spanish – have been suggesting that it would make more sense to expel the Israeli Labour Party and give full SI membership to the Israeli Unified Workers Party (MAPAM), whose positions are somewhat more in harmony with SI attitudes. MAPAM was accepted as a consultative member at the Madrid Congress.

The question of expelling the Israeli Labour Party was never formally raised at the Basle meeting, but the possibility was mentioned, if only to make clear that any threats on Peres's part to walk out would be accepted with equanimity. 'Our real purpose has been to try to get Peres to sit down at the same table with the PLO', a Luxembourg delegate said.

The British Labour Party, which never shows much interest in its Continental cousins, sent only one delegate to Basle, Jenny Little, who remained inconspicuous in the fierce debates on the Middle East. But the main obstacle to a European consensus now on this issue is not the British, but the French. Since the outbreak of the Lebanese war, the French Socialist Party, notably in the person of its delegate, Jacques Huntzinger, has effectively backed the Israeli position.

Huntzinger ardently defended Peres within the SI working group set up after the 6 June Israeli invasion of Lebanon to investigate the war, especially as it related to member parties. SI leaders were angry with Peres for having assured them just before the invasion that no such thing would happen. But in Basle, after hours of heated argument, party leaders were unable to reach any agreement on a draft resolution on the Middle East, on MAPAM's application for membership (opposed by Shimon Peres) or on the invitation to the PLO to come to Sydney. Peres would probably have been isolated without the support of the French party leader Lionel Jospin and of Huntzinger.

Behind this French position seems to lie President Mitterrand's decision to side with President Reagan rather than with Brandt. Anxious for American support in hanging onto their African privileges, the French Socialists have turned their backs on the German Left and the peace movement in favour of nuclear armament and a supporting military role to the Americans in the Middle East. France's role as Reagan's best European ally is, oddly enough, clearly perceived and resented almost everywhere except in the English-speaking world and in France itself, where independent sounding rhetoric about foreign affairs has always tended to be popular. □

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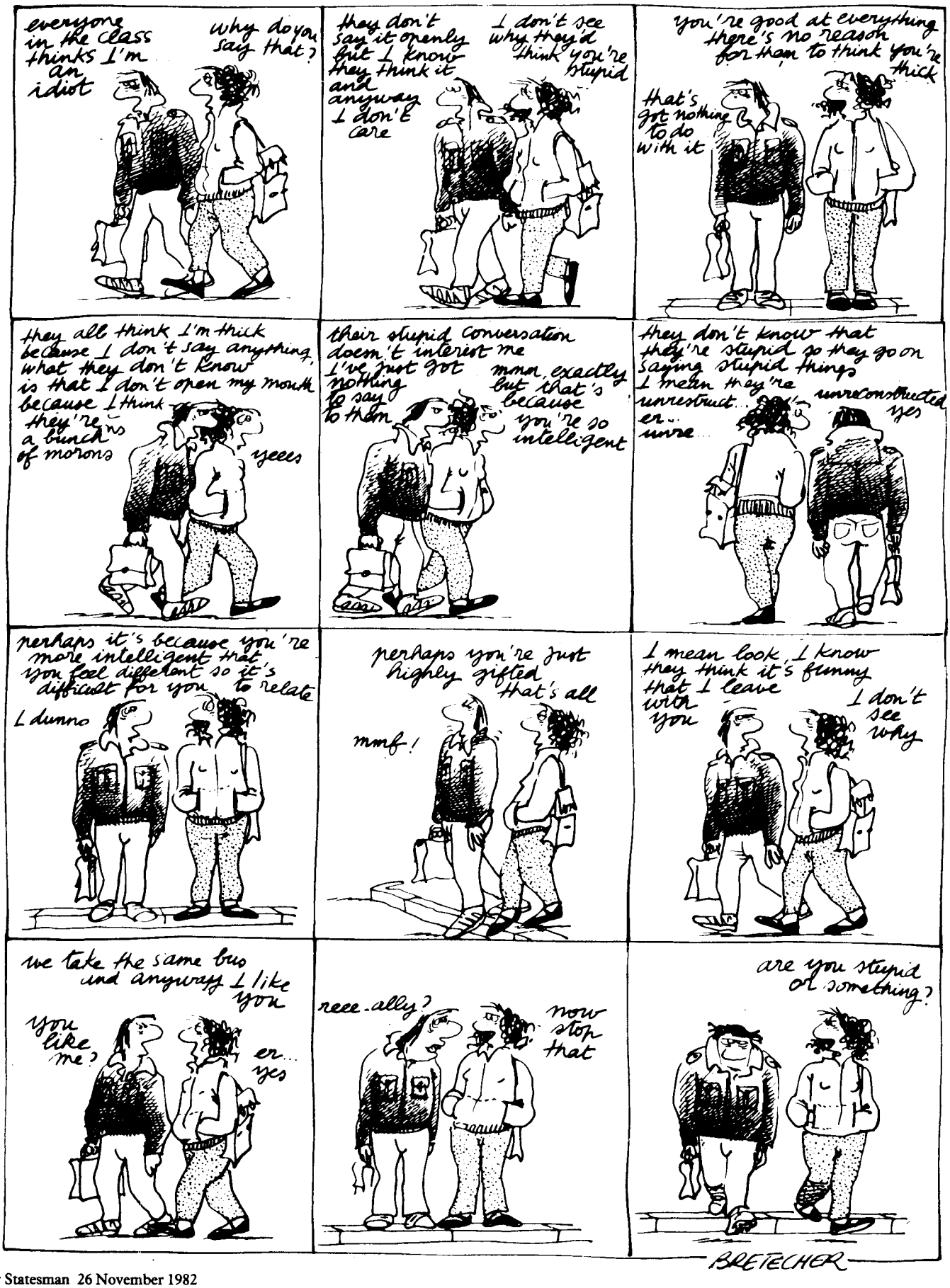
everyone in the class thinks I'm an idiot
why do you say that?
they don't say it openly but I know they think it and anyway I don't care
I don't see why they'd think you're stupid
you're good at everything there's no reason for them to think you're thick
that's got nothing to do with it
they all think I'm thick because I don't say anything. what they don't know is that I don't open my mouth because I think they're a bunch of morons
yeees
their stupid conversation doesn't interest me I've just got nothing to say to them
mmm exactly but that's because you're so intelligent
they don't know that they're stupid so they go on saying stupid things I mean they're unreconstructed... er... unre...
unreconstructed
yes
perhaps it's because you're more intelligent that you feel different so it's difficult for you to relate
I dunno
perhaps you're just highly gifted that's all
mmf!
I mean look, I know they think it's funny that I leave with you
I don't see why
we take the same bus and anyway I like you
you like me?
er... yes
reee-ally?
now stop that
are you stupid or something?
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LETTERS

In praise of PR

W. J. Hartas, Newcastle upon Tyne

In the *New Statesman* of 12 November, Peter Kellner argues a traditional defence of our first-past-the-post electoral system. Its signal virtue, he argues, is in promoting 'effective government formation'; it enables the electorate to 'choose a government'. This is strange, for two weeks earlier (*NS* 29 Oct.) he had, in the course of analysing Labour's electoral prospects, commented on the changing functioning of the electoral system since the 1950s – changes which severely reduce its capacity to produce absolute parliamentary majorities for either of our two major parties.

He correctly pointed to the declining number of marginal seats since the 1950s. This, according to Curtice and Steed, whom Kellner cites in his article, is largely due to the growing geographical concentration of support for the Labour Party in Northern Britain and the inner urban areas, and Conservative support in the South and rural and suburban areas. It has the effect of reducing the sensitivity of the electoral system to swings of popular support for the two main parties. There is, in consequence, a growing likelihood of 'indecisive' election results in the form of 'hung' Parliaments. Curtice and Steed conclude their analysis of the electoral system thus:

> the continued use of the system can no longer be defended on the grounds that it provides a reasonable prospect that the electorate will be able effectively to choose between alternative governments.

Their analysis demonstrates, for example, that if the major parties in 1959 had had their support distributed geographically as it is today, and allowing for the defection of Northern Ireland from mainland politics, the 1959 election result would have been a 'hung' Parliament, and not a landslide victory for the Conservative Party.

A secondary virtue claimed by Kellner for the present system is the fact that it represents 'the interests of local communities'. I am far from convinced of the benefits of arbitrary slices of territory being thus represented. What distinct community of interest does the MP for, say, Newcastle West represent – or Newcastle North, or East or Central?

Set against this is the greater sin of gross regional imbalance. As a Labour Party member I may delight in the Labour Party's virtual monopoly of seats in Northeast England. But as a Northerner and a city-dweller I am less than comforted in realising that there is no reason, in terms of electoral advantage, for this, or any other Conservative government to invest in the North, or in the inner cities. MPs are increasingly as much segregated by area as by ideology – an artifact of the electoral system and to be deplored.

Is the case for electoral reform really closed?

Gervase Tinley, Chairman, The Electoral Reform Society, London SE1

Proponents of electoral reform should welcome the article about PR by your Political editor. Not that Peter Kellner seems in favour of it, rather the reverse. He arrays a number of debating, and debatable, points and one almost expects the peremptory conclusion: *'Donc Dieu existe. Respondez!'*

But, no. We are surprised. Mr Kellner invites us to consider what elections are for. Party activists do continually ignore this vital question. We are grateful to Mr Kellner for reminding us to get back to basics.

Instead of the endless speculation of possible advantages to this political party or that political group, a debate which helped to define acceptable specifications for voting at parliamentary (and other) elections would make a refreshing change. May I put forward the following specification, which will be familiar to readers of Electoral Reform Society literature:

> first, to ascertain the electors' wishes and, as far as possible, to give effect to them;
>
> second, to ensure that as many as possible of those who take part have an effect, and an equal effect, on the result;
>
> third, to ensure that nearly every elector can identify among those elected a representative of his choice whom he helped to elect;
>
> fourth, to obtain, as far as practicable, representation which is equitable and consistent of whatever views, opinions and judgments motivate electors when they vote.

The Single Transferable Vote system meets this specification. Very few other voting systems come anywhere near to doing so. It begins and ends with the *voter*. If he or she chooses to band together with like-minded people their wishes will be reflected, the chosen parliament will accurately reflect political allegiances and party interests will be justly represented. But the specification in no way depends on one party or parties. Independent views and cross-party themes can all find expression. Indeed a parliament chosen by the Single Transferable Vote can truly be the 'mirror of the nation's mind' and not the savagely distorted image so often produced by first-past-the-post.

Figures of death

J. H. Martin, Dundee

I refer to Mr Steadman's letter in your issue of 12 November. The Home Office booklet 'Nuclear Weapons', published in 1974, says the LD50* is 'between 350 and 550 rontgens' for whole body radiation. This is a fair expression of the state of knowledge as it then was.

It was my realisation of Campbell and Steadman's unawareness of the uncertainty with which the LD50 value had been known before the Home Office initiated the recent study of it that made me ask from what value to what new value, ⅓ higher, they concluded it was being raised when in fact the value of 450 rads bone marrow dose being recommended to the Home Office is little more than the selection of a more accurately, or less inaccurately, determined value within a previously accepted range. For example the 'generally accepted value of 450 rads' (it should be 'rontgens' a unit about 7 per cent smaller than the rad) as Mr Steadman puts it is, as I said in my SRP lecture, stated by the US National Council for Radiological Protection in 1974 as being 'the median of a number of educated guesses made by US experts in 1949.' This is hardly the base on which to build the edifice of indignation with the Home Office which Campbell and Steadman erect.

Although the value of 450 rads bone marrow dose has been recommended to the Home Office they have not yet issued instructions for its use in operational literature or for training purposes.

The paper by Bentley to which Mr Steadman refers is not, as yet at any rate, a statement of Home Office policy and it quite specifically says on its first page that it describes a method of calculating casualties which is under development and that it should not be used for planning purposes. In modifying the paper between April and December 1981 I imagine that Bentley, aware of the great uncertainty hitherto in the LD50 value, simply put in, when it became available to him, a more accurate value. Bentley's paper is clearly a discussion one and Campbell and Steadman have every right to comment on the quality of the paper's scientific or other reasoning but it is important to recognise its status, otherwise official organisations are inhibited from issuing material for discussion lest it be seized on by the Campbells and Steadmans of this world as official policy. We are then all losers.

*LD50 is the level of lethal dose at which 50 per cent of those exposed are assumed to die.

Training on the dole

Katie Johnson, Sunderland, Tyne and Wear

Donald Hirsch's article on the MSC (NS 19 Nov.) was a welcome comment on the monetarism behind the advertising campaign to promote the new Community Programme. However, more could have been made of the cruel deception behind the claim of these adverts, that the CP will offer the long-term unemployed the chance to be trained in new skills. This conjures up a picture of redundant Consett steelworkers being retrained in the skills of new technology. This is so far from the reality as to render the adverts suspect under the Advertising Standards Authority's stipulations about 'honest and truthful' material.

There is no compulsion under the scheme for sponsors to provide training, and those who do must pay for it from their own MSC grants for materials, equipment and operating costs. The MSC has also suggested that training funds could in addition be drawn from a project's wages budget, possibly reducing the average wage on a scheme to £50 per week.

The beneficiaries of these schemes will not be the long-term unemployed but the Tory propaganda machine, and those Councils for Voluntary Service, local authorities and other opportunists whose rush to get their paws in the honey-pot of MSC grants is matched only by their indifference to the CP workers they will employ.

Fight for unilateral disarmament

Chris Hughes, Leicester

Labour's espousal of unilateral nuclear disarmament will be a short-lived affair unless well-wishers are willing to spring to its aid.

When the NEC and the shadow cabinet meet to draw up the manifesto, the unilateralists will be heavily outnumbered. Michael Foot may be obliged to accept a 'peaceful compromise'. Unless, that is, his position is strengthened by widespread grassroots pressure.

A resolution, passed unanimously by Leicester South constituency Labour Party has been sent to the NEC and the shadow cabinet, urging them to accept the conference policy. It argues (as does *Labour's Programme 1982*) that UND can be compatible with membership of NATO; and that a firm, unambiguous commitment to non-nuclear defence will profoundly improve Labour's electoral standing.

Trade union branches, CLPs and other interested parties must make their feelings known. Send resolutions; write to each member of the NEC and the shadow cabinet; lobby Labour MPs and trade union leaders. Fight the fudge, before this chance is lost forever, adulterated and emulsified into a bland, 'acceptable' formula.

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Richard Willson

Present laughter

IF BY SOME wayward stroke of fortune you have ever stumbled into a gathering of cartoonists, you will have been struck by the difficulty of spotting any common denominator among this heterogeneous breed. Denim rubs shoulders with Evelyn-Waugh checks and chartered-accountant grey; back-slapping and antipodean bonhomie meet moody reticence, wild-eyed, radical ferocity confronts raucous, right-wing, Cockney aggro, and the tight-lipped attentiveness of a taxman in search of a loophole lends an ear to booming tones redolent of the Beefsteak or Garrick.

What sane person you may wonder would exchange a secure job in catfood or microchips for the daily desperation of confronting a blank sheet of paper on the off-chance that one bright idea arising from a sea of scribbles might save him once more from the dole queue. Whence this manifest glee in treading the tightrope between the manic and the depressive, in playing Sancho to one's own Don Quixote? Is it a question of finely honed perceptions piercing the veil of social pretension, the revenge of the Weak on the Powerful, the pure joy of the rambling metaphorical mind in search of an apt analogy or the donning of cap and bells as a last defence against a treacherous world? Clearly a quick sifting of the Christmas fare provided by these otherwise unemployable oddballs should suggest an answer.

Calman meets Scarfe

George Weber meets Maudie Littlehampton

Ambrose Bierce once said, 'Humour is tolerant, tender; its ridicule caresses; wit stabs, begs pardon – and turns the weapon in the wound.' On the strength of this distillation of 20 years' venom, *Gerald Scarfe* (Thames & Hudson, £6.95), Scarfe must take the laurels as doyen of knife-twisters. The torments of Hell have always provided artists with more scope for invention than the pristine purity of Heaven, and we are here presented with a 20th-century Purgatorio in which suppurating flesh is crushed and pierced by the hard edges of unyielding machines; and this with a positively teutonic ferocity reminiscent of Grünwald or Grosz. In the early work particularly, the expression of revulsion is as intricately worked as a Fabergé egg. A bloated Nixon with his sagging, dribbling, viscid skin begins to resemble some malignant tumour seen under a microscope. In another cartoon the features are stretched to such an extent that we are faced with caricature aspiring to the condition of abstraction. The split between subjective and objective is so intense that any reconciliation with an alien world seems to be precluded and this is the gap into which one's doubts begin to creep. One doesn't ask for sentimentality, but the portrayal of a starving child as a stick insect in one drawing does suggest that the stricture Scarfe applies to the press photographer – indecent detachment from the suffering he records – applies equally well to himself. Disturbing in much the same way as Beardsley is to this day.

Steadman's *Leg in the Wind* (Arrow, £1.75), full as it is of clenched jaws and straining hind-quarters, is definitely not for the aficionados of Crufts, but rather for those repelled by dogginess. If you have ever been embarrassed by the amorous attentions of some tumescent terrier or winced as the approach of some decrepit, wheezing, bandy-legged mongrel with white eyebrows, halitosis and bald patches has been greeted with the ecstatic cry 'Here comes Poppikins', then this is the book for you. If on the other hand you are one of Beverly Nichols' 'cat persons' you will fall upon Ronald Searle's *Big Fat Cat Book* (Macmillan, £6.95) with miaows of delight. Having, thank goodness, ditched scrawny schoolgirls and sado-masochism at St Trinian's many years ago, he turned to clothing his anthropomorphic fantasies in fur and whiskers – a sort of 'trans-moggification' I suppose. While absorbing the influence of Pop, Steinberg and Rauch, Searle has retained that distinctive barbed wire line, so evocative of the prison-camp life he experienced, which gives a nervous edge to all his cartoons, however delicate the coloured washes with which it mingles. This is certainly a very

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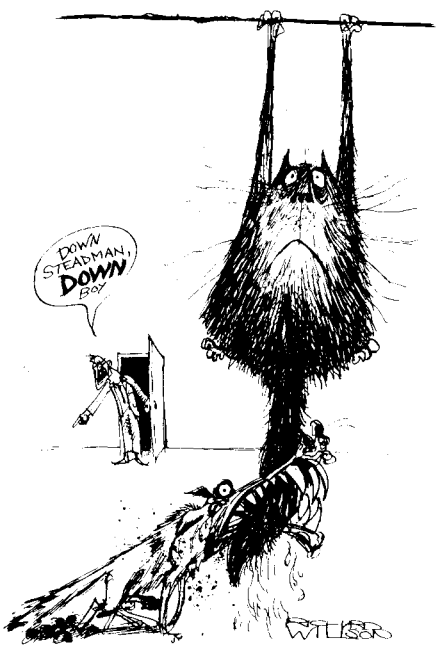
neurotic bunch of pussies indeed and we are not far from Scarfe's urban hell after all.

An edition of Eliot's *Practical Cats* illustrated by Searle would seem to be a natural sequel, giving his cartoons the added dimension of verbal wit. There will always be, however, a divide between those cartoonists for whom the drawing is the medium is the message and those for whom the drawing is no more than a peg on which to hang a caption. For many years Osbert Lancaster was the master of the brilliant miniature. Unflinchingly taking up his vantage point in Clubland even as fashionable society crumbled beneath his feet, casting his rolling oyster eye around from this lofty pinnacle, he observed the emerging Britain of the postwar years and found it wanting. *The Life and Times of Maudie Littlehampton* (Penguin, £2.50) is a chronicle of his distaste. Humour is often a double-edged weapon, and from one angle Maudie can be seen as a mouthpiece for all the frustrated suburbanites who aspired in vain to her social position. From another she provides a clever exposé of the prejudices of the upper classes as they were engulfed by a rising tide of W.O.G.s, screaming teenagers and swinging bishops. Either way she still bites.

TO DISCOVER where this rising tide finally beached the Trendies of the Sixties one has to move to Posyland. Here, halfway into their second divorce, bravely fending off middle-aged dilapidation, fretting over their cholesterol intake, they cling to a faded colour-supplement lifestyle, develop guilt complexes over their second homes, mouth the worn-out sociological jargon of their 'plate glass' student days only to find their passé radicalism mocked by their own cynical young. One can't help seeing Posy Simmonds with the bright, pinpoint eyes of her own Mrs Weber, darting from behind moon-sized spectacles to spy on the foibles of her kind. These are observed with wicked accuracy but basic affection and, while some may find Posy too cosy, I for one will be nestling down with her two volumes, *Pick of Posy* (Cape, £5.50) and *Mrs Weber's Diary* (Fontana, £2.50), before my Yulelog fire, no doubt over a glass of mulled oak-leaf wine and organic Christmas cake.

Claire Bretécher gazes out from her book covers (*Frustration*, Methuen, £3.95, and *What a Life*, Muller, £3.95) like a butch Bardot. Those hard, knowing eyes beneath the golden fringe, that slightly cynical twist to the upper lip, that firm set of the jaw all betoken glamour gone sour, the peeling paint on the penthouse-suite lifestyle and the dark side of affluence which are her favourite themes. Her characters, after hours of contemplating pimples, bloodshot eyes and bulging midriffs in merciless bathroom mirrors, stagger forth to confront the problems of creative block, the wasteland of non-communication, the rutted battlefields of sexual warfare and the boredom of routine domesticity. Hard crosses to bear for those with flashy jobs in PR, video (and cartooning?) and leisure for introspection, but then there is always the possibility of retreat to the simple life of a potter in a 14th-century bakehouse in Provence as a backstop. The humour is as international as Sunday jogging and speaks eloqently for that great urban middle-class which has gobbled up the goodies which the consumer society has on display, but still feels the aching void inside.

CHARM is not a quality much in evidence in Bretécher's work but one to be found in abundance in that of her compatriot Sempé. *Displays of Affection* (Methuen, £2.50) does however, even if in a far gentler vein, explore much the same yawning abyss between aspiration and performance in the distraught love lives of the *petite bourgeoisie*. Overbearing interiors, crowded but lonely city streets, desolate parks, all, by their very



Steadman meets Searle

uncommunicating vastness, mock his diminutive isolates. They dream of loving human contact, but frequently end up plotting bloody murder as their hopes lie dashed to pieces at their feet. Says slippered, balding bureaucrat who couldn't savage a doughnut, to weeping wife, 'I'm sorry, but lions are always cruel.' Sad, charming and funny.

Mel Calman's 'little man' in contrast is stripped to bare essentials. Emerging each morn like a mole from its hole, blinking into the light of day, he braces himself in dread anticipation of the horrors that have been perpetrated during his absence. War, Famine, Fire and Flood reach him via newspaper headline and TV screen, but as Nietzsche said, 'A joke is an epitaph on an emotion' and, though cosmic forces may clash overhead, one must cling to humour like a little life raft of commonsense in a sea of troubles. *Help!* (Methuen, £2.50).

The wit of the Goonshows was never a matter of zany dialogue alone but was composed of a surreal web of sound which combined explosions, bugle calls and thundering hooves – with the frantic distress calls of the gullible Seagoon, the meanderings of the decrepit Minnie Bannister or the tremulous, stuttering of Colonel Bloodnock. It was the aural equivalent of the free-flowing fantasy of a Marx Brothers film and, inevitably, when set down in cold print the script begins to look a little flat. In strip-cartoon form it lacks that air of mad improvisation which pervaded the original, but fond memories of past glory will doubtless bring tears to the eyes of the avid Milligan addict as he thumbs through the *Goon Cartoons* (Michael Joseph, £4.95).

IT WAS a wizard wheeze to produce parodies of the type of illustration which accompanied Henty's *Ripping Yarns* or Bulldog Drummond and attach deadpan modern captions. There are some jolly japes in Glen Baxter's *Atlas* (Cape, £5.50) but it's an idea which shouldn't be allowed to go stale with too much repetition. Surely there must be new fields to conquer in 1940s mail order catalogues or other exotic worlds beyond our ken.

Meanwhile, if you thought that Lytton Strachey's laundry list prised from the floorboards of Ham Spray House was the last word on Virginia, Mark, Ottoline and Bertie, you reckoned without Mahood blowing a Bloomsbury at the whole gang in his *Secret Sketchbook*, (Bodley Head, £4.95), an elegant little Baedeker to guide one round these errant Eminent Edwardians.

Far from such grace and elegance we have Steve Bell putting the boot in *Further down on Maggie's Farm* (Penguin, £2.95). The crude, graffiti-like quality of these cartoons matches the gut hatred Bell obviously feels for the present administration and one senses that the bitterness of the ordinary bloke tramping the pavement outside the local job centre has been given a voice. Our Beloved Leader would be unwise to turn a deaf ear once more.

ONE man's guffaw is another man's groan, and it would be a rash reviewer who tried to foist on others his taste in anything quite so idiosyncratic as humour. In the course of perusing over a dozen books of cartoons, running the gamut from savagery to whimsicality, I have been both 'stabbed' and 'caressed', my reactions varying from the sudden convulsion of horrified laughter to the slow suffusion of a warm glow of happy recognition. Comedy, even if it falls short of the highest achievements of tragedy, does still have a remarkable capacity for rendering the unbearable in life a shade more tolerable. And occasionally it might even inspire one to change the world instead of just laughing at it. □

Among this week's contributors:

W. S. MERWIN's most recent book is *Unframed Originals* (Athenaeum, 1982). He lives in Hawaii.

JOHN SPURLING's *Coming Ashore in Guadeloupe* opened recently at the Upstream Theatre and his *British Empire Part I* is being broadcast on 25 November on Radio 3, with *Part II* to follow next week.

WILLIAM BOYD is the author of *A Good Man in Africa*, *On the Yankee Station* and *An Ice Cream War* (Hamish Hamilton).

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PARLIAMENT
Peter Kellner

House-keepers

Out of Order
FRANK JOHNSON *Robson* £7.95
Back on the House
SIMON HOGGART *Robson* £4.95
Westminster Man
AUSTIN MITCHELL *Thames/Methuen* £8.50

Most MPs and journalists are nicer on their own than in a group; more rational and less vindictive in private company than on public display; but also more stupid and less sober than the laws of libel and rules of parliamentary privilege will ever allow the public to know.

Bridging the gap between the public reputation and the private reality of parliament has never been easy. The task is made more difficult by the fact that the reputation contains two wholly contradictory elements. On the one hand there is the text-book line: Parliament is the forum of the nation, watchdog of the executive, protector of our liberties. On the other hand there is the taxi-driver line: the jerks inside there, guv, are a load of good-for-nothings, protecting their own arses while sending Britain to the knacker's yard.

IN THEIR different ways, these three books provide correctives to both views, though the taxi-driver is less likely to be surprised by their contents than the remote and easily over-awed text-book writer. **Out of Order** is a collection of Frank Johnson's sketches, first for the *Daily Telegraph*, then briefly *Now*, and since last year *The Times*, mostly of the Commons in session. It survives the transition from newsprint to hard covers better than most books of collected journalism, partly because Mr Johnson writes so much better than most journalists, and partly because his observations are usually acute enough to remain interesting some years later. Many journalists would go to some lengths to conceal their past writings; and only the malicious would wish to read the collected works of Bernard Levin on Vietnam, Lord Chalfont on Iran or William Rees-Mogg on gold.

Johnson's sketches include jokes, some of them good ones; but jokes alone could not sustain the reader through 246 pages. His jokes play a secondary role, for his main purpose is to *observe* – wittily, of course, but above all, acutely and accurately. The sketches that remain in the mind have a telling and important point to make, and usually have far more relevance to our understanding of politicians than the mish-mash of inelegant, unquestioning and often misleading reports that emanate from the lobby.

Thus when Norman St John-Stevas and Rhodes Boyson were jointly responsible for developing Conservative education policy, you would have needed the skills of a Kremlinologist to decode some of the news stories that alluded to differences between them. One Johnson sketch, on the other hand, told us all we needed to know – not by reporting what they said, but by describing how they said almost nothing:

> Yesterday Dr Boyson wore a purple shirt and Mr St John-Stevas a purple tie. When thinking of each other, they each wore a purple face. Their social backgrounds, however, are very different. It was to end the rule exercised by Mr St John-Stevas's class that Dr Boyson joined the Conservative Party. One of the arenas in which this decisive, historical struggle is waged is education Question Time. The weapon they use is not, as in less happy countries, civil war – but silence . . . Mr St John-Stevas and Dr Boyson titanically vie with one another in noiselessness.

The sketch-writer's main advantage is also his main disadvantage. He is there to observe the public face of politics. This frees him from the cramping constraints of lobby reporting, but at the same time prevents him from describing back-stage manoeuvring – except, joy of joys, when those manoeuvres spill over into the chamber itself.

BOTH **Back on the House** and **Westminster Man,** in very different ways, seek to guide the reader into the real world of politicians' off-stage behaviour. Simon Hoggart does it by piling anecdote upon anecdote, most of them reprinted from his column in *Punch*. There is little attempt to provide context, make connections or draw conclusions. Hoggart's writing is, in the proper and noble sense of the word, *irresponsible*. He lets the chips fall where they will, and if a particularly heavy chip falls on someone's foot – too bad.

This is an excellent way for a journalist to work. If anything, Hoggart is not irresponsible enough. He likes his victims more than he should – and, one suspects, they like him.

Because of Hoggart's technique, the transition to hard covers works less well than with Johnson's sketches. His writing technique becomes too obvious and therefore intrusive. He flits from subject to subject like a grasshopper on heat. He smothers everything with similes as if shaking a hyperactive ketchup bottle. After a while the technique begins to flag, like Koo Stark attempting the ninth retake of a scene from *Oh Calcutta*. It can all get rather tedious, like . . . .

Still, it is handy to have the foibles of our politicians recorded and collected in one place. Hoggart is especially strong on 'Willie-isms' – the manners of speech used by our dearly beloved Home Secretary to say nothing, but to say it with gravitas. One day, records Hoggart, Mr Whitelaw

> was giving evidence to a House of Commons Select Committee examining the overcrowding in Britain's prisons. Willie made his position absolutely clear on this urgent issue. 'I can assure you that I definitely might take action,' he said.

One quibble, not with Hoggart but with the publishers: why no index to this unique work of reference?

Westminster Man is the best of these three good books. Austin Mitchell, sometime academic and TV rising star, became MP for Grimsby following Anthony Crosland's death in 1977. Along with Gerald Kaufman's *How to be a Minister*, published two years ago, *Westminster Man* provides the best and most honest action guide to parliamentary politics as it is, rather than as outsiders think it is, or ought to be.

Despite some atrocious jokes, Mitchell's writing style is one of the best of any MP. His sentences are short, his points crisp, his arguments clear. He uses irreverent exaggeration to purvey a truth more tellingly than any flat, more formally accurate, description. His all-purpose speech for Labour and Conservative hopefuls seeking nomination from a local constituency party both illuminates and deflates the process.

Westminster Man is a mixture of personal observation, statistical analysis of a questionnaire completed by 358 MPs and 308 of their wives, and comments, often candid, by MPs from all parties. If one ignores the unwisecracks and one spectacularly stupid section on MPs' signs of the zodiac, this is one of those rare books that can be recommended to students of politics as both compulsory reading – and fun to read. □

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TV CRITICISM
David Montrose

For a laugh

Glued to the Box
CLIVE JAMES *Cape* £7.95

An earlier collection of Clive James's television criticism was, in his words, 'accused of frivolity because it had nothing more to offer than common sense'. James considered, quite rightly, that to possess this fundamental virtue indicated no small merit. And possess it he does, if common sense is synonymous with good taste. Reading through James's collected writings about television – of which *Glued to the Box*, covering 1979-82, is the third and final volume – one is struck by his sagacity.

Yet I can understand that accusation of frivolity: good taste and sound judgment are, in fact, secondary features of James's television criticism; the medium serves as his comic material more often than as his critical subject. His basic technique derives from S. J. Perelman's *Cloudland Revisited* series, wherein the great Sid would subject to mature scrutiny trashy films and novels once youthful favourites. Plot is summarised in a way that highlights its absurdities, atrocious dialogue faithfully reproduced. In addition, James has running gags – Bad Sight of the Week, 'baldy haircuts', American pronunciation – and familiar butts equivalent to the fearsome mother-in-law and thick Irishman: the Eurovision Song Contest; Miss World; Wimbledon (especially Harry Carpenter's Rain Commentary); disco-dancing championships . . .

James has always argued that eschewing solemnity does not preclude seriousness. Usually, though, it does preclude seriousness playing more than second fiddle. Only totalitarian horrors of the past and present are no laughing matter: James disliked *Private Schulz* (admittedly overrated) because 'the necessary distance has not yet been established between us and the Nazi era'; it 'would be an offence even if it were funny'. On other subjects, he merely flirts with consequentiality: critical points, blunted and overwhelmed by his 'impulse towards pyrotechnics', can sink to the level of serious relief between jokes.

James's application of his critical theory further reduced the possibility of seriousness. He believes, reasonably, that his obligation is to reflect television's 'ephemerality and multiplicity'. In practice, this usually means that each weekly piece covers a number of disparate programmes: the medium in microcosm. This makes for shallowness. Except on special occasions devoting a whole piece to one programme is unthinkable. Even a thematic approach – soap operas one week, sit-coms the next, and so forth – would evade his obligation: television is not soap operas one week, sitcoms the next. Accordingly, James can never examine the conventions and values of the various genres: his method compels him to regard each series as self-contained.

And James, I think, exaggerates television's ephemerality. As the principal medium of mass entertainment, it naturally has equivalents of penny-dreadfuls and B-movies, but, for reasons of popularity, excellence, or simple longevity, certain programmes, like certain novels and films, achieve a lasting impression and deserve critical attention of the kind given to cisatlantic peak-viewing by Robert Sklar in the review-essays collected in *Prime-Time America*. James's method militated against his columns being composed on such lines, but, when preparing them for hard covers, he had the opportunity to recast, where appropriate, scattered comments into definitive statements. Hard covers deny the ephemerality of at least some of his criticism; why, then, should his criticism still ignore the endurance of at least some television?

Although James has definitely influenced fellow practitioners, his humour-first procedure is unrepresentative: other critics of British television tend to offer less entertainment, more appraisal. His concentration on transcience and variety is, however, all too typical. Conventional TV columns would suffice if they were occasionally supplemented by more substantial (which is not to say solemn) criticism. They aren't, so they don't. □

TEENAGE
Marion Glastonbury

Against all odds

The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole
SUE TOWNSEND *Methuen* £4.95

At last: a wit to touch the hearts of three generations. Adrian Mole, poet, Dinner Monitor and pensioner's friend, suffers from an irritable, low-income father who neglects his appearance, and a newly assertive mother whose disregard of nutrition undermines her family's health. Worse, she turns 'wanton' and goes off with a neighbour, leaving a broken home to the ministrations of a stalwart grandmother and a neurotic dog.

In the long run, this trauma does everyone good. Adrian reads Orwell and Germaine Greer, unblocks drains and acquires other domestic skills, enlists the Samaritans' help with his homework, encounters doctors, vets, youth workers and officials from the Electricity Board, and covers the Noddy wallpaper in his bedroom with black vinyl paint. At school, he edits an unmarketable magazine, acts Joseph in an experimental Nativity play, and campaigns against uniform-socks, with the support and inspiration of Pandora who joins the Women's Group at which his reformed father manages the crèche.

On occasion, the Midland Moles resemble Posy Simmonds's Londoners: the timeless truths of desire and jealousy are presented in a similarly topical context. Parental gloom persists despite news of the Royal pregnancy; and Adrian fails a geography test when he claims that the Falklands belong to Argentina. The author's accuracy and comic timing left me wincing with pleasure and strengthened in the belief that Adrian's dauntless peers will successfully withstand current assaults, not least the phasing out of hot meals at midday: 'Perhaps Mrs Thatcher wants us to be too weak to demonstrate in years to come.' □

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Two Poems by W. S. Merwin

A family

Would you believe me
if I told you the name of the farmers
at the end of the lake
where it grew shallow over the mossy rocks

and if you came in the morning the grass was blue
the fur of the rocks was wet the small frogs jumped
and the lake was silent behind you
except for echoes

you tied your boat carefully to a tree
before setting out across the cool pasture
watching for the bull
all the way to the barn

or if you came in the afternoon
the pasture glared and hummed the dark leaves smelled
from beside the water and the barn was drunk
by the time you got to it

to climb on the beams
to dive into the distant hay
will you believe
the names of the farmer's children

Late wonders

In Los Angeles the cars are flowing
through the white air
and the news of bombings

at Universal Studios
you can ride through an avalanche
if you have never
ridden through an avalanche

with your ticket
you can roll on a trolley
before which the Red
Sea parts
just the way it did
for Moses

you can see Lost Angles
destroyed hourly
you can watch the avenue named for somewhere else
the one on which you know you are
crumple and vanish incandescent
with a terrible cry
all around you
rising from the houses and families
of everyone you have seen all day
driving shopping talking eating

it's only a movie
it's only a beam of light

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Some Day I'll Find You: An Autobiography

H.A. WILLIAMS *Mitchell Beazley* £7.95

A theologian's autobiography may not sound enticing, but Harry Williams is a most unusual theologian. In the 1960s he played a prominent part in the radical questioning of traditional Christian belief that emanated from Cambridge. His teachings and preachings always sprang from his own personal experience rather than from received dogma. That often harrowing experience is the subject of this book.

Williams's upbringing and career were conventional enough until, in the early 1950s, he suffered a severe nervous breakdown. For two years he abjured religion and concentrated on rebuilding, with the help of psychoanalysis, a new self out of the shattered old one. The breakdown had been brought about by excessive guilt feelings, prompted by conventional Christian morality: 'I was out to kill the god who soaked you in guilt-feelings and demanded continual self-abasement, confession, atonement, absolution, and so forth.' In its place there must be 'resurrection to a richness of being which consisted of freedom to discover who and what I was combined with the ability at least to begin to become it.' That discovery included acknowledgment of his homosexuality: 'I have seldom felt more like thanking God than when thus having sex.'

Whenever Harry Williams preached in Cambridge, the church would be packed to overflowing, largely with people who never otherwise set foot in church. For he was a superb preacher who never preached at you, a remarkable moralist who never moralised, offering subtle and brilliant explorations of the most perplexing moral problems. That same eloquence and honesty inform his autobiography, though its tone is more serene. In 1969 this worldly cleric gave up his Cambridge career and entered a monastery, where he remains.

Although the core of the book is his relentless, often painful self-examination, Williams is lavish with warm, generous and sometimes hilarious portraits of the friends and colleagues who have enriched his life. Without a trace of pomposity, he has written a book that is brave, honest and wise.

Stephen Brook

Prone to Violence

ERIN PIZZEY and JEFF SHAPIRO *Hamlyn* £1.75

Apparently there was a feminist picket organised when the main author of this book, Erin Pizzey, attended a Woman of the Year lunch. It's easy to see why. Pizzey's account of 'violence prone' women steadfastly refuses to heap any of the blame for what she describes on the shoulders of men, patriarchy or even society. Her second-rate psychologising traces the attraction some women seem to have for violent relationships back to a love or the absence of it in childhood. And to give this simplistic explanation some weight there is an obligatory chapter on body chemicals and adrenalin levels. Nonetheless, her account is both fascinating and horrifying. Her concern is not really with the problem of women in violent relationships at all; it's with the existence of a specific culture of violence in our society and in the place where most murders take place and where undoubtedly long-term damage is inflicted on those involved. In this tiny minority of families we see played out all those relations of power, powerlessness, dependence and brutality, in the extreme. And women and children come off the worst because, when it comes to hitting out first, men still have the upper hand.

Had the authors spent more time on the social background, or the political consequences, of this violence, which continually slips under the net of the law, they might have come up with a new perspective on law and order in the family. As it is, the horrible catalogue of abuse reads at times like a piece of hard-core porn, titillating perhaps for those who get off on the degradation of others.

Angela McRobbie

Knapworth at War: Stories from an English Village 1939-45

TIMOTHY FINN *Duckworth* £6.95

It seems to have been pretty much business as usual in Knapworth during the war, bar the few incidents (one bomb, one grounded plane, the statutory débacle of the Home Guard exercise) already familiar from every other small village's small store of reminiscence. Timothy Finn writes with autobiographical nostalgia about the village characters – most of whom could have come straight out of *The Archers* – his sweet mother and his only mildly eccentric father. Difficult to understand the autobiographical line though since the blurb tells us Mr Finn was born in 1938. *Knapworth at War* is the pleasant, bland, down-memory-laneish little book you'd give Aunt Mabel (if she's still alive) for Christmas.

Anne Smith

Tom Sharpe
VINTAGE STUFF

"Tom Sharpe... has written his funniest novel in *Vintage Stuff*... The story is well plotted and here Sharpe is as biting as he has ever been in his social comment, although this is never obtrusive. He has not written a better or more skilful farce." *Martin Seymour-Smith*, **Financial Times**

"Vintage Stuff, all right; and very funny. Some of it is needle-Sharpe." *Gay Firth*, **The Times**

"With Mr Sharpe's tenth novel, it is clear that the Sharpe wit has not dulled. The idea behind *Vintage Stuff* is one of those dreadfully simple notions which seem to be behind all the best good comic writing... It is marvellously funny... Anyone who enjoys a rattling good yarn won't be able to put (it) down." *Stanley Reynolds*, **Punch**

"I found it a funny, frightening book." *Norman Shrapnel*, **Guardian**

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Piers Brendon
THE LIFE & DEATH OF THE PRESS BARONS

"His skill is redoubtable and his judgments are often no less accurate than provocative. A Faust with footnotes, Brendon knows the difference between anecdote and apocrypha. He cuts these figures down to size without ignoring that they were sometimes larger than life." *Stephen Koss*, **Observer**

"Scholarly but anecdotally lively study of the great larger-than-life newspaper magnates from Bennett to Beaverbrook." *Graham Lord*, **Sunday Express**

"As with all really good ideas that finally get put into effect, one wonders about Piers Brendon's idea of an account of the press lords of America and Britain how it was that nobody seems to have thought of it before. There is furthermore, no region of inquiry so perfectly accessible to the biographical technique that Brendon favours... The other added ingredient of *The Life and Death of the Press Barons* is its almost parenthetical provision of a social economic and cultural history of the large newspapers of the past century and a half." *Anthony Quinton*, **The Times**

"He's an extremely good writer... This book would be enormously enjoyed by any reader of newspapers... Journalists will love it." **Harold Evans**, *Kaleidoscope, BBC Radio 4*

£12.50

Secker & Warburg

The History of Scotland

PLANTAGENET and FIONA SOMERSET FRY *Routledge* £8.95

This comprehensive guide for beginners to our rough peninsula story lacks only one ingredient of first-rate porridge. Although bland, filling and nourishing, it is sprinkled with sugar not salt.

The authors take us from chambered tombs to Cumbernauld New Town. They identify the thug, the whore and the sot upon whom, God help us, our tourist trade depends. They distinguish between the Camerons and the Cameronians and between the National, and the Solemn League and Covenant. They write short notes on so many events and so many people that their account latterly degenerates into a catalogue.

Although strong, sometimes stupifyingly so, on facts, the authors are weak on their interpretation and analysis. Charles II is quoted as saying for example, that 'presbyterianism is not a religion for gentlemen', but the implications of this extraordinarily silly remark even by the lowish standards of that meretricious monarch, are insufficiently pursued.

Nor do the authors invariably distinguish between what is interesting and what is exciting. They observe that 'the blossoming of Scottish intellectual activity in the 18th century had well nigh spent itself by the 19th'. In fact it was precisely from the beginning of the latter century, with the appearance of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802, that all our subsequent intellectual benefits flowed. A history of Scotland which omits any mention of Cockburn (ancestor both of Claud of that Ilk and of Evelyn Waugh) must be taken with a pinch of that commodity with which the Frys have failed to season their reasonably priced and nicely illustrated production.

Bruce Hepburn

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FICTION
Bill Greenwell

Convertibles

The Lost Village
DAVID GLOVER *Robin Clark* £6.95
The Secret Keeper
SHIRLEY ESKAPA *Quartet* £6.95
Killing Wonder
DOROTHY BRYANT *The Women's Press* £2.95
The Longest Flight
JEREMY LUCAS *Cape* £6.50

In David Glover's elegant and entertaining first novel, **The Lost Village,** a young man arrives to take up a post at a boys' school in India. Even before he has taken his first assertive steps into the cultural pool of the sub-continent, he is comically out of his depth. Oblivious to caste, innocent of the various intentions of his many new acquaintances, he sees himself as the inheritor of a fine liberal tradition. The benign imperialist, he will get to the bottom of India. In a comic early scene, he chunters pompously to himself about it being

> the time ripe once again for the Englishman to continue his long search for this lost land . . . a search so rudely interrupted by the arrival here in the middle of the last century of the English wife, who dragged me away from my Indian mistresses. With them I placed my finger upon the throbbing pulse of bazaar, court and village . . .

But when Edward Priestman tries to take the temperature of the place, he succeeds only in making himself feverish. For this the lost village itself is to blame. Off to imbibe the real India, he comes across a rat-infested village, a pit of poverty and sickness almost within spitting distance of a local community. To his chagrin, and eventually rage, he is not only assured by all around him that the village does not, cannot exist, but fails to find it again despite a number of forays. Gradually, Priestman's bumptious attitudes are reduced to babble. The enigma of the phantom village remains. The symbolic properties of his 'discovery' are also carefully clouded in ambiguity. It seems to suggest that muddle-headed, misplaced focus of the historically 'well-intentioned' conquerors. Priestman is almost an allegorical figure: the British in India personified. Yet the novel's close offers an alternative possibility: that Priestman has glimpsed behind the curtain of India's future, has seen its terrible plight.

The writing is remarkably assured, with that same understated sense of the ridiculous, and yet understanding, which characterises the Burmese novels of H. E. Bates. Myself, I find the mixture of allegory and naturalism a little unhappy. Nevertheless, as a piece of pathetic comedy, it's an outstanding performance. And so too is Shirley Eskapa's **The Secret Keeper,** despite one central flaw. The main narrative concerns a calculating young widow who snatches for herself the affections of a Zurich banker – an Englishman who deserts his wife after 20 years of happy marriage for this chilly new mistress. Eskapa's timing is – well, Swiss. She describes the closed, callous circle of the money profession with the same ruthless precision as her obsessive central figure plans and executes her affair – down to the last stitch of style. The novel is eerily *clean;* every strand tidily straightened. The narrative is interspersed with extracts from a diary – the secrets of the banker's son, effectively an undercover agent for his mother. (The mother's absence from the events is incidentally the plot's most brilliant trick.) The diary is not, however, credible: the mind of an adolescent, perhaps, but not the style. Despite this, *The Secret Keeper* is riveting. The outcome of the battle between the banker's lover and his son – joined over her asthmatic and horribly coddled child – had me shuddering with pleasure . . .

. . . while the opening of Dorothy Bryant's **Killing Wonder** had me wincing and grimacing. The narrator, artless Jessamyn Posey, is invited to a party thrown by her heroine, the feminist writer India Wonder. Also present are Celeste Wildpower, Margot Stackpole, Yolanda Dolores, and other imaginary luminaries too numerous to mention (Jessica Mitford is also present, but leaves early, luckily for her). All have made names in the Frisco sisterhood of scribblers. All have motives for wiping out Ms Wonder, who duly drops dodo-dead as Chapter 2 ends. A case, plainly, for Perrelina Mason, but taken on by Jessamyn and a chummy cop. It is as dreadful as it sounds, and at first unremittingly silly as a parody of feminist cliques and claques. Still, we can put that down to Jessamyn, and we are ultimately inveigled into her fey world. There is pleasure to be taken in Dorothy Bryant's perversion of the genre to make salient points about the problems of being a woman writer. Subtler than one suspects (and one suspects everyone!): I warmed to its theme. The blurb whiffles that it's 'a feminist book for all sexes'. *All?* 'Male, female and convertible,' as Victor Borge once remarked. Well, I proved convertible here.

The Longest Flight describes the migration of a fledgling tern – literally a bird's eye view. Anthropomorphic adventure isn't normally for me; and the plot is frankly namby-*Bambi*. But Jeremy Lucas's observation, its absolute exactitude, saves us from bathos. The tern escapes the perils of the oddly homophonic skua, flies from Scotland to Antarctica and back, survives human shotguns and exploding oil tanker, is saved by an ageing albatross, finally mates. It is too interesting, too knowledgeable, too crisply realised to dismiss as apple-pie in the sky. It's charming rather than cute, to prove which I'll abandon normal critical practice and describe my subsequent dream. A cheery gull landed near Mr Lucas's terns, and told them he was called J. Livingston. They told him to piss off; and the skuas pecked him to pieces. □

THE SIXTIES

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THEATRE
Benedict Nightingale

On the couch

The Real Thing
TOM STOPPARD *Strand*

Tom Stoppard's work has been notably generous with many commodities, from verbal wit to metaphysical ennui, but with one it's always been notably stingy. Bluntly, his characters have lacked strong personal feelings. A sort of rueful tristesse has, on the whole, been their dark night of the soul. It was in that mood that both the philosopher-hero of *Jumpers* contemplated the disloyalties of a wife he was supposed to love and, rather earlier, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern shrugged and joked their way to their violent deaths. Something deeper was perhaps touched in *Every Good Boy Deserves a Favour*, Stoppard's tale of a father and son separated by KGB malice; but only a bit, and briefly. You can't conceive of his people in any sort of ecstasy, whether of pleasure or pain. You can't imagine them exulting or howling or even hurting very much.

Or couldn't until *The Real Thing*, a play in which Stoppard put his talent on the couch and subjects it to some courageous scrutiny. This begins as if nothing has changed. A husband urbanely quizzes his wife about her professed trip abroad. Franc doing well? Frank who? The Swiss franc. After a bit more verbal virtuosity he reveals that she left her passport at home, and the curtain falls on her mild dismay, his suave amusement at this proof of her adultery. It is an amusing piece of self-parody on Stoppard's part, and it is promptly rejected with something akin to self-disgust. What we've been watching, it seems, is a scene by a dramatist noted, like Stoppard, for his wit, sophistication, intelligence, and general lack of commitment, either political or emotional. His life, into which we're plunged for the rest of the evening, turns out to be considerably less bland and brittle than his art.

Henry, as he's called, begins an affair with an actress, Annie. She tells her husband she's leaving him, and his reaction is abject and embarrassing: 'Don't, please don't.' Then Annie, now married to Henry, sleeps with an actor, and it's the dramatist's turn to wail and implore like a stricken child: 'Please, please, please *don't!*' Here is scintillating Stoppard, unstoppable Tom – intellectual trapezist, juggler with words, up-market acrobat and clown, a big top in *propria persona* admitting that love hurts, hurts hideously. On the face of it, it's a conversion as astonishing as if Phèdre were to frolic onstage in cami-knickers, high-kicking and singing 'that's my baby'.

On the face of it. Let me not suggest either that Stoppard's earlier work is essentially frivolous – what other dramatist worries so earnestly yet entertainingly about the moral nature both of ourselves and of the dark, bewildering universe we glumly inhabit? – or that this piece is woozy with untidy, unfunny emotions. Its recognition that people have hearts and glands doesn't prevent them also having agile wits to exercise. Nor are their emotions, genuine though they seem, the sort that yank painfully at our own sympathetic heartstrings. To make a distinction of Stoppardian nicety, this is less a feely play about thinking people who feel than a thinky, a very thinky, play about feeling people who think. Songs and literary references – for instance to *Miss Julie* and *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, in both of which Annie is performing – appear in deft counterpoint to the often contradictory evidence provided by the characters themselves. What is this 'love'? Is commitment, personal, political and/or artistic, possible or desirable? Are there any values at all? Question after question emerges from Henry's professional and domestic circumstances; and, since this is a deceptive world of dramatists, actors and plays-within-plays, and (moreover) a world that has itself been invented by a master-illusionist named Stoppard, there are few firm answers, and conceivably no 'real things' at all.

AND YET, for all this calculated uncertainty, the piece does reach, or seem to reach, two conclusions. The first is that love exists. Why else (a recurrent image) the obsessive rummaging through others' belongings in search of evidence of betrayal, why else the pain and intermittent delight? The second is, in Henry's words, that 'public postures have the configuration of private derangement', or, to put it more temperately, that political attitudes reflect purely private motives. For much of the evening, to be sure, this is as much a subject of debate as the reality of love. To explain. One of Annie's protégés is a soldier imprisoned for violently protesting against nuclear weapons. He has written an autobiographical TV play that is artistically abysmal but indisputably 'committed'. Annie wants Henry to revamp it, and he does so, though he despises it. Is this another step forward in the dramatist's moral and emotional education, proof that he can give himself to a cause as well as to a person?

No. Not a bit of it. It serves only to 'prove' the point about the phoniness of political motives. The soldier made his protest to ingratiate himself with Annie; Annie supports him because she feels guilty; Henry helps them because he loves Annie. These, anyway, are the play's final revelations, and their inference leaves me boggling. Am I deranged when I wonder if it's morally acceptable to aim H-bombs at Moscow? Is Tom merely sublimating childhood feelings of rejection when he writes indignant plays about the abuse of human rights in his native Czechoslovakia and elsewhere? Must we dismiss the campaigns of, say, Wilberforce, Silverman and Sakharov as emotionally dishonest 'postures'? It surprises me that Stoppard, who queries so much, should not have found a way to introduce questions as basic as these. It astounds me that, after flaying both his protagonists and (surely) himself with so many sharp-edged doubts about their adequacy, he should end by enshrining a cynical fib.

Still, that by no means sums up the final effect of the piece as a whole. Stoppard has said that the logic of his plays is 'firstly, A, secondly, minus A', with rebuttal following argument and counter-rebuttal that rebuttal, and that his aim is to 'dislocate an audience's assumptions'. Well, I can report that my intellectual bones were satisfactorily wrenched from their sockets by *The Real Thing*, and also that its algebra sometimes infected me with that hopelessness I felt years ago in the exam hall, when I was busy failing additional maths at O-level. If accusing critics can make dramatists feel inadequate, as this play implies, dramatists in their more Pirandellian moods can make critics feel the same. Yet, if it's a slippery, elusive piece, it's also one that kept its audience audibly amused at the time, and one that, in defiance of the usual rules, somehow manages to expand yet clarify in the mind afterwards. No doubt much of the credit for this belongs to Peter Wood's uncluttered direction and the skill of his cast, especially that of Roger Rees, an actor at once incisively intelligent and marvellously unafraid of bold, sudden, unEnglish emotions, such as the sick, breathless panic his Henry experiences when he realises that the voice on the phone is Annie's lover. But I'm sure they would all wish the bays to belong to Stoppard himself, who has done so much to reconcile his old writing self with a new one. He has retained his humour, increased his complexity, and deepened his art. □

MUSIC
Andrew Clements

In a groove

Final Alice
Festival Hall/Radio 3
In Memory of a Summer Day
Radio 3

David Del Tredici's music has taken its time to cross the Atlantic. The BBC introduced a relatively early work, *Syzygy*, some years ago, but little was heard of him after that until last year, when *Adventures Underground* was included in a College Concert. Now, within the space of nine days, two major orchestral scores have been broadcast, both conducted by Leonard Slatkin with the soprano Phyllis Bryn-Julson: *Final Alice* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra in the Festival Hall and *In Memory of a Summer Day* in a studio performance from Manchester, with the BBC Northern Orchestra.

Del Tredici's reputation had preceded him – pigeon-holed as the composer with the fixation on Lewis Carroll. A record of *Final Alice* had also been issued here by Decca, performed by no less than the

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Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Solti. We have become used to American composers brandishing their independence and individuality like a banner, a tradition that began with Ives and Carl Ruggles; only a little adjustment of tone was needed to accommodate Del Tredici's particular eccentricity. When the preoccupation was with such an essentially British genius as Carroll the music promised to find a ready market and even, for contemporary music, a wide public. In the United States he has achieved quite a measure of success: *In Memory of a Summer Day* won the Pulitzer Prize in 1980, and a number of pieces have been recorded.

THE VERSION of *Final Alice* which appeared on the Decca disc was cut by ten minutes. It nevertheless gives a vivid picture of the strength and weaknesses of Del Tredici's music – its fascination with the commonplaces of tonality, the clichés of popular song, the bombast of high romantic orchestral music, all turned, with a remarkably canny ear, to sometimes witty account. Had Tredici written one piece like *Final Alice* and trimmed it to 20 minutes instead of 75, it could be hailed as a stylistic *tour-de-force*. But one's patience fails long before the end of the recording, let alone the complete score, though the use of a narrator as well as a soprano in the Festival Hall improved matters to some extent – Claire Bloom brought wit and timing to the passages from the trial scene between the saccharine arias that constitute the musical component of the score. One can be carried along by the originality and freshness of Del Tredici's ideas; if one is lucky, that interest lasts through a first hearing. But the poverty of the invention eventually shows itself; the harmonic vocabulary is limited; the music remains rooted to a single tonality for achingly long stretches; his ability to write seductive melodic lines encourages him to repeat them too often. There is one good tune in *Final Alice*, and that is repeated *ad nauseum*.

In Memory of a Summer Day is roughly the same length and is part of an evening-long scheme, *Child Alice*. It has marginally more variegation than *Final Alice*, though again congeals towards the end on a single melody, which is first cousin to a theme from Mahler's third symphony. It moves outside the two Alice books to set Carroll's 'Child of the pure unclouded brow', his dedicatory poem to Alice Liddell, interspersed with some substantial orchestral interludes. The orchestral music especially reveals Del Tredici again as a musician of considerable aural imagination, and I am tempted to wonder whether the BBC has not done his cause a disservice by choosing two such long-winded pieces to represent him. Some of the smaller-scale Alice works might have made a greater, more concentrated impact. But the over-riding problem would remain. A composer who has spent more than a decade immersed in Carroll could surely have been expected to show a greater depth of insight into the texts: we are used by now to delving beneath the surfaces of Victoriana, and *Alice* especially, for the darker currents – Del Tredici shows no awareness of these. □

TELEVISION
William Boyd

Showing styles

IT'S A measure of the extent to which 'programmes for young people' have established themselves that having a Radio One disc jockey as presenter now seems a reactionary step – a sign of faith in traditional values. I'm referring to **The Oxford Road Show** (BBC-2) which began a new run this week with Peter Powell in the driving seat. Now I'm not familiar with Powell's status within the hierarchy of Radio One djs – is he the youngest? the most hip? inoffensively bland? – but from what I recall of previous editions of the show the change appears studiously backward-looking.

Powell comes trailing clouds of glory from *Top of the Pops* of course, which has, by dint of sheer longevity, established itself as one of the cultural touchstones when it comes to aiming at the youth market. It stands at the safe, mainstream end in the not very broad spectrum of styles that has so far been attempted. But, curiously, the alternative appears relatively fixed too, a fact that is exemplified by the very familiarity of **The Tube** (C4). Enjoyable though it is, there is nothing terribly new here, certainly not in the way in which it is presented. The personalities involved are Paula Yates and Jools Holland who both affect the faintly gormless 'Cor, what a lark' approach which has swiftly established itself as the alternative to *TOTP's* earnest geniality.

The main characteristics of this approach seem to be as follows. First, the presenter evinces a permanent air of vague surprise as if intrigued and mildly astonished to find him/herself in such a position of eminence. Second, there's a highlighting of the very mechanics of presenting a show. Gaffes are giggled at, indeed, worn as badges of healthy amateurism. Any sign of slickness or gravity is ruthlessly eschewed. Along with the self-mockery comes the familiar joshing of many a pop-star press call (cries of 'Hello, Mum', faces pulled at the camera). To be fair it's the interviewees who are usually the guilty parties here but the interviewers stir things up by a refusal to take their job seriously ('Really *boring* question this, Pete – but how etc . . . ') all accompanied by heavy doses of umming and ahing.

There is an alternative to the alternative and it has found its best exemplar in the shape of Keith Allen, presenter of **Whatever You Want** (C4). Allen started off this week's show in the nude (seated, mercifully, hands modestly folded in lap) but the ploy was a good indication of his beefy aggression which – in fact – is genuinely intriguing. *Whatever You Want*'s brief is – to put it simply – to strip away the illusions attending various subjects of interest or consequence to, let's say, the under 25s. Last week looked at what life is really like in the army. This week considered certain ways of getting rich quick: sport, the glamour business and rock music. The sport section analysed the appeal of professional boxing and talked to John Conteh and some young hopefuls. Conteh's account was uncompromising. 'You're trying to damage his brain and he's trying to damage your brain – that's why you're highly paid' and it was forcefully illustrated by graphic slow motion footage of a bottom-of-the-bill pro slugging-match.

Most enjoyable, though, was Allen's own film on the Miss World contest. It was real breaking-a-butterfly-on-a-wheel stuff but Allen tackled the project with typical verve, gatecrashing Leonard's hairdressing salon and browbeating the girls in their curlers. Allen, as they say, is a real find and his show is well worth watching. It's also worth reflecting that without Channel 4 he probably wouldn't have emerged in the unapologetic, partisan way he does.

Not that Channel 4's best programmes need to be so engagingly subversive. **Pleasure Palaces** (C4), a history of cinemas during the first three decades of the century, has just come to the end of its three-week run, and highly successful it was too. The programmes took the form of personal histories related by the erstwhile projectionists, cinema owners and distributors themselves interspersed by newsreel and film clips and moving us easily from the days of travelling fairground cinemas, through the epoch of Bioscopes and Electric Theatres to the massive doomed Dream Palaces of the Thirties. It was a fascinating glimpse of a vanished era and, thanks to the relaxed and anecdotal nature of the reflections, one gained a real and rare sense of the extraordinary role the cinema occupied in ordinary individual lives. □

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FILMS
John Coleman

Gang show

Diner (AA)
Plaza; Gate, Notting Hill
Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid (A)
Plaza
The Atomic Café (AA)
Screen on the Green
Carbon Copy (AA)
Classic, Haymarket; Odeons, Swiss Cottage and Kensington

With the first three of the week's new movies coming lickety split from the current London Film Festival, a word is surely in order for a couple of the festival's crowning glories. Some tickets are still available for Clarence Brown's *Flesh and the Devil* and King Vidor's *Show People* (this Thursday to Sunday at the Dominion), silent classics getting the Carl Davis treament with the Wren Orchestra, and don't say you metropolitan lot out there haven't been warned: occasions like these may not recur in a hurry. So flock. Accompanying the Vidor is the bonus of a recently rehabilitated 'lost' Chaplin short, *How to Make Movies*.

Which title might comfortably accommodate Barry Levinson's directorial debut, **Diner,** a period charmer of persuasive humour and freshness. Encouraged by Mel Brooks, on whose *High Anxiety* and *Silent Movie* he had worked as writer (as well as doing the lively screenplay for *And Justice for All*), Levinson turned his autobiographical clock back to Xmas, 1959, in home-town Baltimore and interlocked the problems and antics of five fellows in their early twenties during the last week of that December. We may seem to have supped full on these nostalgic all-American get-togethers latterly, but this is a far cry – and a pleasant laugh – away from the usual self-important schmaltz. Or mostly so: it can't quite avoid a gift-wrapped series of happy-magic resolutions at the end.

On the way to there, the anxious young blades chat a lot at the local fast-food eaterie and meeting place, jokes and boasts cloaking qualms about threats like marriage, kosher jobs, the tender trap. The music's right and the casting superb. Eddie (Steve Guttenberg) is a closet-virgin about to get hitched if his fiancée can pass a stiff and serious football quiz. Shrevie (Daniel Stern) is already wed and bothered that now the sex is legitimised 'we got nothing to talk about'. Another guy's pride takes a tumble when his pregnant girlfriend turns him down for a career. Kevin Bacon is clowning, drunken, rich-kid Fenwick, spitting *College Bowl* quiz answers back at the TV faster than light.

Ringleader of the bunch is Mickey Rourke's Boogie, working in a beauty parlour, pretending to study law and obsessively gambling, even on making it with the town's beauties – which he is very good at. In the worst fix, he finally behaves nobly, wins a debbie girl and unexpected relief from his debts. It's such a performance he almost seems to merit such scripted windfalls. Most refreshingly, aside from good gags, there are moments of absolute, electric joy, as when rejected Billy (Timothy Daly), drowning sorrows with Eddie in a strip bar, dangerously weaves to the piano – and suddenly sax and drums accept him, the stripper dances on the counter-stage with Eddie, the joint is hair-raisingly jumping. An *intelligent* charmer of a film, then.

CARL REINER'S **Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid,** written by him, George Gipe and Steve Martin, and starring Martin as a spoof private eye, probably sounded a great idea at the time: to dovetail scraps of famous *film noir* footage with a crazy case for cool, coin-conjuring, thumbnail-match-lighting Rigby Reardon (Martin), hired by delicious Juliet Forrest (Rachel Ward, a nice minx). Unfortunately, the running story is sophomorically scatty, even by unstitched Chandler standards. Two kinds of authentic pleasure are left: recognition of the wicked way fragments of Alan Ladd *(This Gun for Hire)*, Barbara Stanwyck (hysterical on phone in *Sorry, Wrong Number)*, Ava Gardner, Bogart himself as Marlowe *(The Big Sleep* – what else?) and a dozen other cherishable stars of the genre are matched up with apparent encounters with Rigby – buff stuff, with a particularly momentous coup as Rigby in ma-drag prison-visits Cagney in *White Hot*, and, often more to my funny-bone, some downright silly kindergarten straight smut between the enamoured 'tec and Juliet. He unashamedly cops a feel as she lies in a faint, later she straightens his 'willy' for him during an embrace; and, on each of the three occasions he is shot in the same spot on his shoulder, she sucks out the bullet for him. 'Where did you learn that?' 'At camp.' There's too much of the other sort of self-felicitating camp elsewhere. It *is* a hell of a notion, though.

ASSEMBLED by Jayne Loader, Kevin Rafferty and Pierce Rafferty, **The Atomic Café** not so simply juxtaposes items of US pro-Bomb propaganda from Hiroshima to the Sixties – cunningly, sometimes glibly drawn from government shorts, radio and TV shows, 'bomb' songs, even a cartoon – into a scarifying, laugh-that-we-may-not-weep jigsaw of humankind's gullibility and crassness in the face of ultimate wipe-out. My scandalised 'amusement' wore thin before the end: there seems something a bit *de haut en bas* about strongly recommending this well-intentioned tract. To whom? The unconverted? Good intentions quite crazily pave Michael *(Car Wash)* Schultz's **Carbon Copy,** a sentimental morality about the downfall of a Jew-turned-WASP-executive who inherits a teenage black son. Not even valiant George Segal as dad can stop this being a carbon cop-out. □

EXHIBITION
John Spurling

The old whore

Images of Showbusiness *V & A*

It's symptomatic of the position of the writer in the theatre – something the Theatre Writers' Union is at present trying to remedy – that *Images of Showbusiness* barely concerns itself with authors as such. There are pictures of Coward, Novello, Garrick, Shaw and Granville-Barker, but as actors or directors, not writers. Otherwise there's a dull page of script from *The School for Scandal* with Sheridan's autograph crossings-out, a stage direction for a Windmill Theatre revue censored by the Lord Chamberlain on the grounds that it called for a moving nude, and a costume-design by W. S. Gilbert for *The Grand Duke*.

Of course designers and performers naturally lend themselves to visual display and both are generously represented here: theatre- and set- as well as costume-designers; clowns, bare-back riders, trapeze artistes, pop-stars, comedians, dancers, opera-singers, mimes, puppets, variety acts, conductors and female impersonators as well as straight actors and actresses. Nor is the importance of lighting or publicity neglected: there is a whole section devoted to handbills, posters, programmes and entrance-tickets. This is only the first of three exhibitions from the Theatre Museum's holdings and it may be that writers and ventriloquists will get their turn later on; but it's a pity that when the theatre does so little for living authors, the Theatre Museum, saved in the nick of time from Government extinction, should under-value even the dead ones.

That complaint registered, the exhibition is a success. It occupies the V & A's rooms 70-73, which are usually a sort of graveyard in a dim light for second-string shows without frills. For *Showbusiness* the ceilings have been lowered, the walls decorated with bold papers; lighting-effects, plants and screens installed. In addition Methuen has published the catalogue – written by the curator and staff of the Theatre Museum – as a book in its own right (£15 or £5.95 paperback), with a reproduction of every item and a page of text opposite. Except that you might think the scripts of plays grew on trees, it's a valuable introduction to the history and practice of the profession, and proves, if proof were needed, that the Museum is already a great deal more than a mere repository of tinsel mementoes and random photographs. The items themselves are mainly ephemera – production photos seldom give much sense of the life that was in a performance and the sight of Pete Townsend's broken guitar, Ellen Terry's strawberry handkerchief from *Othello* or

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Henry Irving's Excalibur from *King Arthur* (author unnamed) is curious and pathetic rather than stimulating to the imagination. But the explanations on the page restore them to a living context, and in general transform ephemerality into something approaching monumentality.

I don't mean this in a bad sense. Museums are always in danger of pickling and petrifying their contents, but the Theatre Museum is still in its adolescent phase (it was started in 1974 and will open its own doors in Covent Garden in 1984) and still in the process of learning to understand itself. The monumentality is not its own and is certainly nothing to do with respectability or self-aggrandisement, but comes from the gathering together of so many varieties of entertainment which, however frivolous and unpretentious some of them may be in themselves, constitute *in toto* a formidable record of skill, dedication, genius and benevolence. Showbusiness is not on the whole a polite word – at least it implies a fair degree of meretriciousness. This book and exhibition left me with a new respect for the old whore, almost a new pride in my profession. But I'm forgetting – playwrights are only part-time members of it, aren't they? □

DANCE

Stephanie Jordan

Performance

RICH IN new talent, the Royal Ballet pursues its policy of finding places for youngsters and old hands in established repertoire, with uneven results. Most exhilarating was the October debut of Alessandra Ferri, in Kenneth MacMillan's *Mayerling*, as Mary Vetsera, the guntoting disingenuous *ingenue* hellbent on a fateful career of passion and danger, a role she assumed with brilliant enthusiasm. She has an easy quality, perfect proportions, is already unselfconscious about her balleticism, her run is thrilling, and she shows every sign of becoming a true dramatic dancer. The performance was further strengthened by the debut of Genesia Rosato giving an acute, complex portrayal of the Prince's still passionate ex-lover, Countess Larisch.

Each new role taken by Bryony Brind is rethought and distinctive. Her Siren in Balanchine's *Prodigal Son* is hardly the vamp of most performances, but rather an inaccessible Oriental sorceress with inhuman powers and infinitely malleable form. Ashley Page in the title role proves his growing skill as an actor-dancer. Rosato, so colourful in *Mayerling*, appeared surprisingly insecure and anaemic as Page's Siren.

In Hans Van Manen's *Four Schumann Pieces*, the RB has resuscitated one of the dullest, most noncommittal ballets of the abstract, musical-poetic kind, with dancers wheeled on in stock soaring lifts, laborious canons and walking patterns. Anthony Dowell, Jennifer Penney and Lesley Collier, from the original cast, manage to squeeze quality out of it by imposing personality. Led by Nureyev or by Wayne Eagling with Wendy Ellis, Fiona Chadwick, Derek Deane and Julian Hosking unhappily at odds with each other, it is a gloomy experience.

Both casts in John Taras's restaging of Balanchine's *Apollo*, headed by Nureyev and Eagling respectively, have been RB-decent, tending towards lightweight quirkiness instead of the impressive. The result is small-scale and charming instead of monumental. On the other hand, this season's *A Month in the Country* is a pleasant surprise after the many limp performances of two seasons ago. The presence of Dowell in the role of Beliaev might have something to do with the renewed vigour of the attendant casts. Certainly he enjoys being back, bringing to the adored tutor the old relaxed incisiveness with a new touch of impetuosity. Of course, Ashton's choreography makes the most of Dowell's unique qualities: his fluid back and *port de bras*, the logical grace and ear for the music that marks the emergence from a turn or balance. It is a pleasure to see so much of him again. We are also seeing more of Nureyev but he no longer makes consistent sense of either dance movement or character. We have seen him recently as the Prodigal Son and Apollo, both parts typified by persistent and exaggerated facial expressions. He now dances a dimly recalled version of his Sixties glory. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2747 **Set by A. Boteman**

Last Christmas you revamped carols, this year the harder challenge of providing new, contemporary riddles for boxes of crackers. As many as you like, by 10 December.

No 2744 **Set by B. Mooring**

Sonnets on first looking into Channel Four.

Report **By Ms de Meaner**

It's not the festive season yet, so don't imagine that bunking off (NB complex minions) or faulty rhyming (NB would-be compers) will be tolerated. You have been warned. 'Channel Four? It isn't worth writing a sonnet/upon it;/between me and you/it barely merits a clerihew.' Quite, Mr Cowley. A staggeringly generous couple of quid to you for summing up the mood of the comp. and for brass nerve. Strictly non-monetary hon. menshes of Peter Norman and P. W. R. Foot (does our compassion know any bounds?) for gallant sonnets of capitulation to the charms of C4 and eight begrudged greens to each grudging winner.

Much have I cavilled at the little screen,
Roaming the air-waves round and back again
In restless search of something less inane,
Of news less dismal, drama less obscene,
Serials less silly, sit-coms less routine;
But all my button-punching was in vain.
The feverish attempts to entertain
Were less fun than the adverts in between.
To Channel Four I turned with eager eyes,
But found my hopes betrayed on opening night,
As when some ardent watcher of the skies
Sees a new quasar swimming into sight,
And then discovers to his great surprise
He's simply picked up some old satellite.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

I don't watch TV much. A classic play,
Or documentaries like *Life on Earth* . . .
Panorama . . . Let's face it, there's a dearth
Of worthwhile stuff. Disgraceful, what we pay
In bloody licence fees – what's that you say?
This Channel Four? Well, well, excuse my mirth.
Fine in theory, but what's it really worth?
Give me some good non-fiction any day.
You know, Sir Arthur Bryant – a solid read.
What? *Walter?* Not my idea of a laugh.
We know it happens, yes, but do we need
The dirty details in our lounge? And half
The stuff they do's by lefties, nasty breed.
How do I know? It's in the *Telegraph*

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Much had I gazed upon the magic square
And many mediocre programmes seen
And yet, half blinded by the glowing screen,
I found a fourth temptation hard to bear.
By promises of quality seduced
In spreads in every rag and magazine,
And loath to waste a knob on the machine,
I pressed – to see what this lot had produced.
On Two was snooker and on One was Day
And Three's soap opera had begun to pall.
What could be worse than these was hard to say
Until on Four I found 'twas basketball;
Then saw I that there was a better way
And, switching off, sat staring at the wall.

PETER ALEXANDER

TAKING PART

John McVicar

Better than an honest face

'WE'RE VERY anxious to get you for a Barclaycard advertisement because *frankly* what you've been since you've been in prison actually legitimises the whole concept in many ways. It's because of what you are now, not so much necessarily what you were, that the whole thing has turned round.' This was what one of the team in the prestigious advertising agency Collett, Dickenson and Pearce, which handles the Barclaycard account, said when they approached me earlier this year to endorse the product. I just nodded, but I remember thinking: 'Well *frankly and sincerely* what legitimises the whole concept as far as I am concerned is the eight grand you're going to pay me.'

The 'whole concept' was in fact a poster,

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newspaper and magazine campaign based on a photograph of me holding up a Barclaycard and endorsing it with the quote, 'It's better than an honest face'. Certainly the offer was far more of a turn-around than the team planning the campaign knew. Twelve years before the Barclaycard deal, Securicor and the clearing banks had put a 12-grand 'dead or alive' reward on my head!

Unfortunately, I'm one of those people who can *never* leave well enough alone. After allocating in my mind *my* eight grand from Barclays to a new BMW, I began looking for ways to make further cash from their offer. Accordingly, I went to Anna Coote, then deputy editor of the *NS*, with an eye to getting a commission on the story at twice the normal rate.

It was a terrible thing that Anna did to me. I described the offer and my plans to do an exposé article, but her only reaction was to look at me the way a judge does after a jury has found you guilty and he is about to pass sentence. It is the point when you're asked if you've anything to say. After I'd stuttered to a silence, Anna quietly and firmly said: 'You're not going to do it, are you?'

I knew I shouldn't have told her until I actually had the BMW. In a flash I'd backpedaled on a *new* BMW and settled for a second-hand one. 'Well . . . what . . .I . . . thought . . . was . . . I'd . . . give . . . donate . . . the . . . money . . . to charity. Some . . . of . . . it. Half of it.' Suddenly I hit a thread that let me flow. 'The other half I'd donate to the Erin Pizzey thing – the battered wives. And I'll write a marvellous article about all the arseholes in entertainment and sport who are into this money-for-nothing endorsement crap. Look at Angela Rippon with her bedlinen ads and our England captain, Kevin Keegan.'

'John'. Anna's voice really did ring with moral authority 'It'll make a great article but you *can't* promote Barclaycard, no matter what they are going to pay you. There is nothing to stop you playing them along, then exposing them. But you'd be hopelessly compromised if you took the money as well.' I muttered something about there being more duties in life than not being greedy. There are such obligations as not to give quarter to either taxi drivers or banks. But she wouldn't budge.

I wrote off the BMW. In compensation she did promise me a double-page spread. However, having gone in less than five minutes from a new BMW to a second-hand one to no BMW at all, I forgot all about asking double-rate for the article. All round, it was a bad day. But at least I learnt that an editor has more power than just the ability to sack a contributor.

Although in March Barclays had 'bought the concept' for a campaign, earlier this week I was told that the project was 'on the stocks'. My contact in Collett, Dickenson and Pearce explained: 'It was one of those ads which the client liked very much at the time, but things have now petered out. We're hoping to resurrect it next year; nothing planned at the moment but it can always come up again.' The disappointment I felt at getting this news was probably a bit connected with Anna Coote no longer being at the *Statesman*.

Endorsement deals mainly fall to showbiz or sporting personalities. Among these people, the practice of expediently promoting some product for money has become so acceptable that Martina Navratilova, for example, won this year's Wimbledon Ladies Championship wearing a dress that advertised *Kim* cigarettes. Virtually all her matches were covered by TV, despite cigarette advertising being banned on that medium. What little criticism this provoked was directed not at the greed of the expatriate Czech, but at the stupidity of the ban. When you do hear of someone who's refused such an offer, you often discover that it is not on a matter of principle, but on the basis of the fee being too low.

Barclays certainly expected some flak for using me, because early in my negotiations with Collett, Dickenson and Pearce it was indicated that their client would prefer it if my fee was handed over to charity. It was made clear, of course, that I would still be paid a comparable sum in addition. I quickly scotched that one because at the time the only charity I was subscribing to was my BMW. However, it's something to remember, when someone from a field where advertising is not acceptable justifies making an advertisement by claiming to have handed over the fee to charity.

Anyway, if learning about that and the ways of editors has cost me a new BMW, to put a dishonest face on it, it was worth it. □

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone: 01-251 5487
Deadline for ads – Normally noon Tuesdays for publication on Fridays

Rates **Lineage:** £1.60 per 6 words (min. 12 words – £3.20). First two words automatically bold, further bold words cost 30p each.
Box number service – U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: £7 per single centimetre (min. 3 s.c.c. – £21). **Special rate for charities** – £6 per s.c.c. (min. 3 s.c.c. – £18).
Generous discounts for a series of ads are available. Ring for a quotation.

All private ads must be prepaid. Post to: CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.
Telex – 28449
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. .... at the above address.

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Fast, cheap and reliable
All sizes
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IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

LOANS £200-£100,000 mortgages, Universal Investments. Ingrebourne 43636 or 01-470 2574.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

Editing

COPY EDITOR for the top quartile. Preserves idiosyncrasy but corrects grammar. 01-866 8181.

Appointments

ADMINISTRATIVE WORKER

CND requires a second administrative worker:

to form part of a team of two to undertake co-ordination and administration of our busy offices; to share responsibility for co-ordinating the work of volunteers.

We are looking for a cheerful person who is happy in an administrative role, can function well under stress, and is fully committed to CND. Ability to create systems, delegate responsibility and get on with people essential.

Salary **£8,000** + £750 London Weighting
Review in January 1983

For job description and application form, send SAE to: Melinda Letts, CND, 11 Goodwin Street, London N4 3HQ
NO TELEPHONE INQUIRIES, PLEASE
Closing date for completed application forms **Monday, 6 December.**
Interviews (by panel) will be held on Tuesday **14 December**

CND is an Equal Opportunity Employer

HOUSING RESEARCHER

Brent Federation of Tenants' and Residents' Associations

requires a Research Officer for its Tenants' Rights Information and Research Unit. Ability to relate research to immediate policy questions, to investigate the impact of recession/government policies on the public sector, and to pursue projects to speedy conclusion, essential.
Work involves close contact with Tenants' Associations, good access to local authority information.

Salary: £10,185 per annum
Details/application form: Send an A4 SAE to:
T.R.I.R.U., 375 High Road, London NW10
Closing date: 10 December, 1982

The Federation is an equal opportunity employer. Applications are welcome from candidates regardless of race, nationality, ethnic or national origins, age, marital status, sex, sexual orientation and from registered disabled persons

Volunteer Teachers needed for all subjects, also helpers. Part-time and full-time welcome
CROXTETH COMPREHENSIVE
Contact Phil
051-548 8923

NEW MICROCOMPUTER CO-OPERATIVE. Persons wishing to participate in foundation send details Box 5150. WP/Computer experience (any kind) essential.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

Appointments Wanted

MATURE GRADUATE (34), MA, journalistic, research background, Latin America specialist, fluent Spanish, Portuguese, good writer, widely travelled, *keenly interested Third World issues*, **seeks** suitable permanent/temporary work. Anything considered. Mike Rose, 118 Magdalen Street, Colchester, Essex. (0206) 73470.

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Appointment on Short Term Contract
(1 January-31 July 1983)

MANAGER/ORGANISER

For Major Publicity Campaign
In Defence of Public Services

NALGO, Britain's fourth largest Trade Union, seeks a Manager/Organiser to take charge of a major campaign to be run in the Spring/Summer of 1983.

The person appointed must be able to demonstrate organisational, management & Public Relations capacity of a high order. He/she must be available from 4 January & be completely free of other work commitments for the seven-month period of employment.

Salary: £1,125 per month

Further details and application form from the:
General Secretary, NALGO
1 Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9AJ
Closing date for receipt of applications 6 Dec, 1982

UNIVERSITY OF SUSSEX
SCIENCE POLICY RESEARCH UNIT
Armament and Disarmament Information Unit

INFORMATION OFFICER required as soon as possible for one year in the first instance, for 'ADIU', an independent organisation committed to improving the quality of the public debate on armament and disarmament issues through active provision of information.

Candidates should be graduates and should ideally have an awareness of the issues involved in the current debate on defence and security policy, as well as proven editorial and writing skills.

The salary will be on Range IB (**£5,550-£8,085 per annum**) or Range IA (**£6,375-£11,105 per annum**) of the Research and Analogous Faculty salary scales.

Further details and application forms, returnable by 16 December, 1982, available from the **Personnel Office, Sussex House, University of Sussex, Falmer, Brighton BN1 9RH. (Telephone Brighton 606755, Ext 434, Mrs Vivian) quoting reference 773/3.**

BANKING INSURANCE AND FINANCE UNION
Applications are invited for the position of

NEGOTIATING OFFICER OF THE UNION

The duties will involve in the first instance negotiations in the technical and services section of the union. Experience in negotiations is desirable and a knowledge of and commitment to trade unionism is essential.

This permanent and pensionable position is based at Wimbledon. The commencing salary is:

£11,978 per annum (inclusive of London Allowance)
A motor car will be provided

bifu

Application forms are available at Union Headquarters and completed forms must be returned by Tuesday, 7 December, 1982 to:

BIFU Headquarters, Sheffield House
17 Hillside, Wimbledon, London SW19 4NJ

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
requires a

CAMPAIGN CO-ORDINATOR

to work in the Campaign and Membership Department of the International Secretariat.

The Campaign and Membership Department liaises with Amnesty International's worldwide membership and organizes campaigns on human rights abuses in specific countries throughout the world as well as Amnesty International's programmes against torture and the death penalty.

The Campaign Co-ordinator is required to advise the International Secretariat and the Amnesty International movement, particularly the smaller sections, on the most appropriate techniques for action, and to ensure the implementation of campaigns and special actions.

Applicants should have experience of campaigning at a national or international level, some specialization in the field of human rights or politics and fluent English. A working knowledge of French or Spanish is highly desirable.

Salary: Approx. £8,713 a year (index-linked)

For a detailed job specification and an application form, please send an sae to the **Personnel Department, Amnesty International, 10 Southampton Street, London WC2E 7HF.**

amnesty international

Completed application forms to be returned by 31st December, 1982. Interviews will be held in London on 19th January, 1983.

LISTINGS

Social/Cultural
Radical/Arts
Political

26 Nov-4 Dec

SEND DETAILS to: NS FREE LISTINGS at least 7 days in advance

FRI 26 NOV

LONDON W1. 25-27 NOV. Unity Theatre presents 'New Positions' by Norris Harvey. 7.30 p.m. 9 Fitzroy Sq. Tel: **01-387 2666.**

LONDON SW1. Dale Spender talks about her new book 'Women of Ideas and What Men Have Done to Them'. £1.25. 1 p.m. ICA, The Mall. Tel: **01-930 3647.**

LONDON WC2. Socialist Society meeting: 'Socialism and Parliament' – Peter Tatchell and Tariq Ali. 6.30 p.m. £1 (75p u/w). The White Swan, New Row.

TAUNTON. Richard Balfe, Euro M.P., on 'Socialism in Europe' 7.30 p.m. Labour Party HQ, 24 East Reach.

SAT 27 NOV

POOLE. Facing the nuclear threat. J. Dimbleby, Julie Christie, Jonathan Steel of the Guardian (!), Alan Litherland. Films etc. Dorset Peace Council, 10-5.45. Town Hall, Bournemouth.

LONDON W5. Labour Party Unity. Speakers J. Lestor, N. Kinnock. 2 p.m. Ealing Green High School, The Green, Ealing. Waged £1. Ample time questions. Org. by Southall CLP but open to public.

MANCHESTER. Beyond the White Heat. Weekend conference on soc. strategies on science and technology. Manchester Business School, Booth Street West (£5 waged/£2 unwaged).

EDINBURGH. Secret Scotland – state structures conf. Riddles Court, Lawnmarket. Waged £2, u/w free.

UK. Series of regional conferences against the witchhunt. Contact Militant, 1 Mentmore Terrace, London E8 for details locally. For Labour against the Witchhunt contact Keith Lichman, 11 Wilderton Road, London N16.

SHEFFIELD. CND annual conference. Sheffield Civic Centre.

SUN 28 NOV

LONDON WC1. Steven Rose on Biology and Human Nature. South Place Ethical Society. 11 a.m. Conway Hall.

LONDON WC2. Festa Portuguesa. Portuguese music and song. Notre Dame Hall, 5 Leicester Place. 8 p.m. Tickets £1.50-£2.50.

MON 29 NOV

LONDON W1. Craft fair starts. In aid Oxfam. 10 a.m.-7 p.m. St James's Church, Piccadilly.

LONDON N1. Labour and East End. Speakers I. Mikardo, M. Meacher, M. Morris, B. Sedgemore. Org. Hackney South CLP. 7.30. Pitfield Street Library.

LONDON. Harrow Co-op party launch. Speakers T. Graham MP and Alan Taylor, Co-op expert. Co-op Hall, 18 Masons Ave., Wealdstone.

LONDON W1. Women in Media. Speakers Linda Bellof, Bea Campbell, Janet Ralcliffe Richards. Women welcome. 'What has man-hating got to do with feminism?' The Globe, opp. Baker St tube.

YORK. Latin-American evening. Vanburgh College, univ. 8 p.m.

TUE 30 NOV

LONDON SE11. Palestine solidarity. Peter Tatchell & Palestine/Lebanese speakers, Vauxhall Centre, Walnut Tree Walk, Kennington Rd, 7.30pm.

LONDON WC1. Discussion on Hunt Report on Cable TV. Speakers incl. Peter Fiddick of Guardian. Lecture Room, 26 Russell Sq. 6.30 p.m.

LONDON SW6. Eric Heffer, St Thomas's Church Club, Kelvedon Road.

LONDON. Feminism and Socialism. Chartist/-Clause IV lecture series. Anne Philipps. 218 Lambeth Road. 7.30 p.m.

WED 1 DEC

MANCHESTER. Gtr Manchester Labour Co-ordinating Committee discussion meeting on 'Labour and Mass Politics'. Glyn Ford GMLCC chair will introduce the discussion at Briton's Protection pub, Gt Bridgewater St, 7.45pm.

CAMBRIDGE. Lenny Bruce film. Camb. Coll. of Arts, Collier Rd. Doors open 6.30. £1 waged.

LONDON NW3. Authors of *London After the Bomb* discuss book. Hampstead Town Hall. 7.30 p.m.

THURS 2 DEC

MANCHESTER. The police – what role do they play? Manch. Soc. Soc. 8 p.m. Black Lion Hotel, Blackfriars St, Salford.

LONDON WC2. Chris Mullin, author of *A Very British Coup* discusses his book. 7.30 p.m. Drinks before. The White Swan, New Row.

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LONDON SW12. Blacks Britannica film shown by Balham Lab. Pty. Balham Social Hall, Balham New Rd.

LONDON SW1. Stephen Spender on China. ICA, the Mall.

KENT. Ted Knight, leader of Lambeth Council. H.G. Wells Centre, Bromley. 8 p.m.

FORTHCOMING

3 DEC. BRIDGWATER, SOMERSET. CND campaign skills training weekend to 5 Dec. Contact details at **Bristol 513631.**

4 DEC. LONDON. Lewisham CND – 60s soul disco. 8 p.m. Lee Centre, 1 Old Road, SE12. 75p.

4 DEC. LONDON. Opening of Southwark Unemployment Centre. 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Speakers H. Harman, J. Jones, B. Keys. Music.

4 DEC. LONDON. Birth control, politics and practice. 10.30-5 p.m. Pregnancy Advisory Service and National Abortion Campaign. 11-13 Charlotte Street, W1.

4 DEC. KEIGHLEY. Trades unions and women. 10-4 p.m. Day-school. Keighley Tech. Coll.

4 DEC. LONDON. Red Rope, Socialist and Mountaineering. Disco. St Mary's Church, Battersea Church Rd.

4 DEC. HALIFAX. Alt. books fair. Treglade Hotel, near Horton St. Orgs say 'Startling event – culture in the bush'.

4 DEC. LONDON. Radical nurses meeting. Images of Nurses. Health Ed. Centre, 304 Westbourne Grove, W11. 6.30 p.m.

11 DEC. LONDON SE17. Labour's economic strategy – a discussion conference organised by the Labour Party, chaired by Tony Benn. Debates on incomes policy, EEC and public ownership. Workshops include Women & the Economy, Social Security, the Role of Trade Unions, the City. Labour Party members only. Tickets from Labour Party, Walworth Road. Conference at County Hall, SE1, 10.30-5.15.

11 DEC. LONDON E1. Towards a jobs and training strategy for Docklands. Speakers include Michael Ward (GLC Employment & Industry Chair). Organised by Docklands Forum. Wapping Sports Centre, Tench St, 9.45-3.30. **Tel 01-377 1822.**

11 DEC. LONDON. Day-school on Human Sexuality. Lect. Room, 26 Russell Sq., WC1. **Tel: 01-636 8000, Ext 3853.**

11 DEC. LONDON. Mozambique & Angola: strat for soc. devt. 10-5.30 p.m. ULU, Malet St, WC1.

15 DEC. LONDON. Small-scale CHP schemes for public institutions. One day seminar. Apply Centre for Energy Studies, South Bank Poly, SE1.

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THEATRE

COMEDY 930 2578

STEAMING

from Theatre Royal Stratford
Nell Dunn's first stage play
"laughter, hard truth and compassion." Sun. Times
voted Comedy of the Year '81 (SWET)
Seats £2.50-£6.50

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'I advise Londoners to flock' – Gdn
Eves. 8 p.m.
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Theatres

BARBICAN THEATRE. 01-628 8795, cc 01-638 8891, 24 hour info. 01-628 2295. Few day seats £3 from 10 a.m.
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
'THE WINTER'S TALE' 26-27 Nov. 'POPPY' 29 Nov.-2 Dec. 'PETER PAN' – previews from 10 Dec. THE PIT – 'THE TWIN RIVALS' by Farquhar 26-27 Nov. 'THE WITCH OF EDMONTON' by Dekker, Ford & Rowley 29 Nov.-2 Dec.

CAMBRIDGE. 01-836 6056/1488. Evgs. 7.45. Mat. Thu. 2.30. Sat. 5.00 & 8.00. A New Production of:
THE MIKADO
"This exuberant, gorgeously colourful production" FT. "Encores were demanded" D. Tel. "A Knees-up Mikado" Times. "It is all jolly good fun" S. Times.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-925 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Hiawatha', Don Quixote', 'Guys and Dolls', 'Danton's Death'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Major Barbara', 'The Importance of Being Earnest'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Beggar's Opera', 'The Spanish Tragedy'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

THEATRE GOERS please note: cc – Credit cards S-Student standby.

Dance

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PUBLIC MEETING
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Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester.
Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

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